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PICTURES
FOR
THE MINDS EYE

—
EDWIN DAVIS







P. L. Thompson

A Book for the Wayside, the Fireside, and the Seaside.

PICTURES
FOR
THE MIND'S EYE;
INCLUDING SUBJECTS BOTH
HUMOROUS AND GRAVE.

BY
EDWIN DAVIS.

Hamlet.—My father—methinks I see my father.

Horatio.—Where, my lord?

Hamlet.—In my mind's eye, Horatio.

—Shakspeare.

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P R E F A C E.

THE following pieces were written some years ago without the object of publication. They have been read at the Author's Lectures, and on other occasions, in different parts of the kingdom. Many persons have expressed high approval, and requested their publication ; but the Author would not have ventured on compliance, had he not been urged by his more intimate friends, and, above all, found that his verses were favourites with the young people of his acquaintance. Not that he is indifferent to future fame ; he would be very glad indeed to

win the reputation of a great poet ; but as the giddy delight of such a discovery is not likely to endanger his modesty, he will be very well content if this little Volume, even in a small measure, adds to the intellectual enjoyment of its readers, and thus fulfils what is indeed the object of its publication.

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ERRATA.

Page 8. Line 4, Read *Renown*, for *known*.

- | | | |
|------|---------|--|
| 10. | do. 4, | do. <i>with his might</i> , for <i>with, might</i> . |
| 13. | do. 21, | do. <i>I will</i> , for <i>I'll</i> . |
| 49. | do. 7, | do. <i>Ye</i> , for <i>whose</i> . |
| 65. | do. 1, | do. <i>are</i> , for <i>is</i> . |
| 85. | do. 2, | do. <i>Sand</i> , for <i>Land</i> . |
| 87. | do. 12, | do. <i>Give me my hand</i> , for <i>my hand, give me</i> . |
| 99. | do. 20, | do. <i>balmy</i> , for <i>halm's</i> . |
| 111. | do. 9, | do. <i>of many one</i> , for <i>of many a one</i> . |



SAY WHAT I SAY, DO WHAT I DO;

OR,

LESSON FIRST IN ELOCUTION.

A LADY once, of generous mind,
Adopted, in affection kind,
An orphan boy of genius rare,
Whose future weal she made her care ;
Industrious, taxing well her skill,
His mind with worthy thoughts to fill ;
And so, by making him full clever,
Prepare him well for whatsoever
Station fair fortune might ordain
He should in future years attain.

From step to step in the fair way
Of knowledge, various, day by day,
She led him on ; he, by her teaching,
The boys of equal years outreaching.
Yea, he could read, and write, and spell,
Sum in all rules, knew grammar well,

Could draw a little, even knew
Enough of Latin to construe,
Conversed in French with accent free,
In Greek was to the verb aimé ;
Did also even skill display
In music, could both sing and play ;
In Euclid, too, he was before them,
Having passed o'er Pons Assinorum.

Such early fruits repaid her care,
Made him than ever far more dear
To her fond bosom, made her see
That he some day would rise to be
A poet, bishop, man of war,
Distinguished judge, or orator :
Hence wisely she resolved to feed
With learning higher still his need,
Seeing his mind for knowledge straining,
Craved anxiously superior training.
'Twas therefore planned that he should go
To Windram's School, at Castle Row,
Which seemed indeed well suited, where
Advantages were offered rare ;
For so the advertisement maintained,
The pupils all were careful trained
In reading, writing, mathematics,
The ancient and the modern classics,
Algebra, trigonometry,
The use of globes, geometry,

The history of every nation,
 Geography, and navigation,
 Metaphysics, hydrostatics,
 Electricity, pneumatics,
 Land surveying, composition,
 Every branch of erudition,
 Acoustics, optics, chemistry,
 Rhetoric, logic, heraldry,
 The modern tongues, zoology,
 Mechanics, ethics, botany,
 Political economy,
 Æsthetics, and astronomy,
 Hydraulics, physiology,
 Dynamics, and chronology,
 Religion pure, psychology,
 Belles lettres, and geology,
 Gymnastics, etymology,
 Poetics, and mythology,
 The laws of matter, laws of mind,
 Philosophy of every kind,
 Music, drawing, architecture,
 All whereon the learned lecture,
 But chief the art divine of making
 One's thoughts appear in graceful speaking;
 E'en elocution, talent rare,
 Which makes a man godlike appear ;
 An art esteemed on earth so well,
 That great is he who doth excel.

Such there was taught, and there Tim went,
And all his efforts nobly bent;
Anxious, indeed, to make his name,
For knowledge rare, known to fame.
But one thing most his bosom fired,
To which he ardently aspired,
By elocution's melting art,
To move, with words fit spoke, the heart.
This wish her ladyship detected,
Therefore, the principal directed,
Herein to shew his special care,
Tim, as an orator, to rear.

Now Peter, who was master there,
Though learned very, yet was queer;
A man of strange, eccentric mind,
Whose equal you can seldom find.
To him the chief philosophy
Was dunce's caps, and pay your fee;
These principles, esteemed so dear,
By Mrs Windram echoed were;
She, in her lord, could see no error,
Hence both to boydom were a terror.
A soil more threatening to his mind
Her ladyship could scarcely find.
Here 'twas his lot, alas! to sigh
O'er studies uncongenial, dry,
'Midst social scenes, whose chilly shade,
Makes budding promise often fade.

But soon a matter unintended,
Tim's future interests befriended.

Old Peter, dressed in wig and gown,
His forehead furrowed with a frown—
Grasping full firm a well-worn cane,
Whose use, made terrible his name ;
For to boys' backs full often he
Applied it with dexterity—
One day Tim called, who quick obeyed,
And stood before him sore afraid ;
While all the boys the process heeded,
As Master Windram thus proceeded :

Stand upright, sir—hands down—toes out—
Head up—mind, do not look about,
But look at me—Now, understand
The matter which I have in hand
By special order—Do you hear ?
Don't look so stupid—don't—oh dear !
I strive and strive to make them clever,
Yet all in vain—the like was never.
Do stop that sneezing there—for shame !
'Tis Jones, as usual—take his name.
What ! you young scaramouch ! will you
In spite of me start coughing too,
Right in my face ? 'tis Willis there—
I'll cure his cough—dux, bring him here—
I've told you twenty times if once
To cough at home, you idle dunce,

Not in school hours—What do you mean ?
I'll try the physic of this cane—
Hold out your hand, sir—there 's a pill, he cried,
And with might the cane applied.
The dose in full thus given, ended
This strange digression, he attended
Now to young Tim, who quaked with fear,
Full anxious every rule to hear,
Observe it too, fearful, lest he
Should have to taste this remedy.
Take notice, sir, cried Peter, you
Must try and learn a rule or two
In elocution—Do you hear ?
Her ladyship hath sent you here,
If, peradventure, she can make
Something of you. To learn to speak
Is of all the first condition ;
Therefore doth she me commission,
Herein to shew my special skill
This art to teach, which I fulfil.
Then take good heed to what I say,
My every act and word obey.

Your aitches aspirate correct,
Pronounce your words without defect,
Vowels and consonants where found,
To each assign its proper sound ;
In time, tone, accent, rendering to
Each letter, syllable, its due ;

With classic caution, naught omitting,
 A task so difficult befitting.
 Let gesture natural, eye, and hand,
 Combine attention to command,
 And help, as with harmonic force,
 The words melodious in their course.
 Don't mumble, sputter, lisp, or drawl,
 Nor speak too low, nor rudely bawl,
 Ranting, or canting, as do some,
 As if men were by folly won.
 Don't bite your words with savage force,
 Or with pause ill-placed break their course ;
 Nor with harsh accents torturing tease
 The mortal ear, instead of please ;
 But think, words spoke, as words should be,
 Possess the charm of melody.
 Let, then, each word with ardour glow,
 Each sentence, melting, moving, flow ;
 Don't start from low to high at once,
 Nor *vice versa*—he's a dunce
 Who thus transgresses ; take then heed
 With intertones the ear to feed.
 Beware of what 's a madman's choice,
 Eccentric action, manner, voice,
 For such to follow as a rule
 Will make men scorn you as a fool.
 Don't play with kerchief, book, or clothes,
 Nor with fierce thumps the desk oppose,

Nor stamp your foot, nor beat the air,
As some rude mountebank or player ;
Such bluster vile may make fools start,
But wounds, not wins, the thoughtful heart.
Avoid monotony ; a scream
Shun as you would an evil name ;
Nor with low slang, or vulgar strain
Of wit pretending, wise men pain ;
Nor roll your eyes from left to right,
In mimic grief, to vex the sight ;
Nor rock your body to and fro ;
Nor dance about, nor stand tiptoe ;
Nor hem, nor haugh, in strain pedantic ;
Nor shout, nor wail, as one half frantic ;
Such affectation, like a bubble
Will burst, and end in useless trouble.
Don't run an empty race of words,
Which sound alone, not sense affords ;
'Tis but a rattle, vile abuse
Of what was given for nobler use.
Neither affected like an ass
Drag weary on, as wise to pass ;
'Tis but sham dignity, despise
Arts so offensive to the wise.
The orator this truth should know :
Speech was ordained, hid thoughts to shew ;
Not like a tinkling cymbal shrill,
The ear with empty noise to fill.

Then deem it robbery to throw
 The time away in empty show ;
 Seeing the ear was curious made,
 On living thoughts, not noise to feed.
 But more—to be a speaker real,
 With power to teach, and make men feel,
 You must, while shunning habits coarse;
 Express yourself with ardent force ;
 Thus on the mind the impress leave,
 That you, yourself, yourself believe.
 Therefore, as well as sweetness, grace,
 True earnestness must have a place.
 Then these things study—learn to be
 Above all vulgar mimicry ;
 So will your speech as streamlets clear
 Flow on, enchanting every ear ;
 As music sweet, each period roll,
 Instructing, pleasing, to the soul.
 This chief—your model Nature make,
 And copy her, so learn to speak.

Thus much I've said, now I'll try
 These plain rules to exemplify :
 Mind, as I speak, you speak also ;
 When high, then high ; when low, then low.
 Be sure you imitate with care
 Each word, each act, in character ;
 When I deplore, then you be sad ;
 When I'm triumphant, you be glad ;

When I imperious speak, be stern ;
And when I'm passionate, you burn ;
My look, my action, every way,
Do what I do, say what I say ;
Leave nothing out, or this I vow,
Your back full fifty stripes shall know.

Tim nervous felt, as well he may,
Lest he in aught should disobey,
But bold resolved his best to try,
And so the master's threats defy.
Now then, begin, old Peter hallooed ;
And on proceeded—young Tim followed.

From Chaucer, Spencer, Shakspeare, too,
Examples suited, first, he drew ;
Next the seraphic Milton ; then
From Dryden, Pope, and Byron, men
Distinguished all, and known to fame,
Immortal as their verse, their name.
For more like these, with glowing ardour
He seeks, but has to cross the border ;
At once he finds, for Burns is there,
Worthy an equal fame to share.
He bows to genius, culls his verse,
Doth line on line with care rehearse,
Till e'en his nature cold doth move,
Provoked, by beauty's force, to love :
For who can read, and not there find
Some dear thought fitted to the mind ?

He looks around, perchance to trace
 Yet other's of like noble race,
 But oh ! so dazzling is their light,
 Their lustrous glory dims his sight.
 Before, and since, the land seems bare,
 No flowers so gay, no fruit so rare !

Tim anxious follows on as flows
 The accents melting—nothing knows
 Of sense—by him no beauty's seen—
 The sound he mimics—dreads the cane ;
 Yet he, howe'er we seem to wonder,
 So far had gone without a blunder,
 That Peter now grew vexed in mind,
 Because he had no fault to find ;
 For never task did perfect seem
 Without the service of his cane.
 So now to try his pupil more,
 With puzzling haste he galloped o'er
 This passage strange and complicated,
 Also to be by Tim repeated—
 ' Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper.
 Did Peter Piper pick a peck of pepper ?
 If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper,
 Where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper picked ? '

Tim heard—his heart was near to burst,
 To think such lines must be rehearsed ;
 So rapid too, in style so high—
 It seemed, alas ! in vain to try.

But he resolved—thus all repeated,
Determined not to be defeated—
'Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper.
Did—Peter Piper pick a peck of pepper?
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper,
Where 's the—peck—of pepper—Peter Piper
picked?'

Zounds! quicker, roared the master out—
Zounds! quicker, too, young Tim did shout.
I don't mean that, the master cried—
I don't mean that, young Tim replied.
Old Peter paused and shook his head,
Tim shook his too, and nothing said;
The master stamped upon the floor,
Tim stamped also with all his power;
He now upraised his fist at him,
The very same did little Tim;
Peter with voice strained shouted shame,
At full pitch Tim squealed out the same;
Peter grew savage, leaped, raged fierce,
This cleverly did Tim rehearse;
You scoundrel, am I thus defied?
With foaming mouth, old Peter cried.
In mimic wrath, with heart elated,
The same with force young Tim repeated;
Now growing bolder, feeling glad
That he such vocal powers had,
As well as skill in imitation,
To suit so well this first occasion.

Most awful now the scene to view,
 From desk to desk the master flew—
 In mimic anger after him
 Close at his heels followed young Tim ;
 Now roaring, now the air fierce beating,
 In all the master imitating.
 This, Peter could endure no more,
 Hence to Tim pointing thus did roar—
 'Take down his trousers, boys ! I 'll beat
 The little wretch into mince meat !'
 Tim paused, seemed puzzled, heaved a sigh,
 On Peter looked with anxious eye,
 Pointing at last, in spite of shame,
 He word for word screamed out the same,
 But had to veil his blushing face,
 This deeming a most cruel case,
 That such a sentence, by boys hated,
 Must needs be by his lips repeated ;
 Moreover, he strained hard his wit,
 If, peradventure, he could hit
 The reason why words deemed so vile
 Were used illustrative of style,
 As more examples were at hand,
 Which Peter's learning could command ;
 He thought, but let not thought be seen,
 Dreading the terrors of the cane.

The master now turned sickly white,
 Flew at young Tim with all his might,

Collared him, looked at him fierce-eyed ;
This to imitate too Tim tried,
But, in the struggle anxious, drew
Off Peter's wig, which sudden flew
Into the fire, that none could hinder,
Where soon 'twas burnt into a cinder !
Peter beheld ! half swooned away,
Clung to the desk his wrath to stay,
Groaned, gnashed his teeth—dreadful the sight—
Now, thought young Tim, all is not right.
But though thus moved with sudden terror,
Was still unconscious of his error.
Not one was there in all the school
Attentive more to every rule.
What Peter said he 'd followed true,
Say what I say, do what I do.
Had he not both in act and tone
Done everything that could be done ?
The master's words with care repeated ?
His wrath and mildness imitated ?
If he to all had thus attended,
Wherefore had thus the lesson ended ?
While Tim thus mused, old Peter took
From off the desk the sacred book,
Threw it right in his head's direction,
Which sudden cut short his reflection.
It missed—but comet-like it flew
Eccentric other ill to do ;

First to the window, strange to say,
It found its deviating way,
Striking the flower-pots, which fell,
Breaking huge panes of glass as well
As ornaments of value rare,
Causing a crash frightful to hear !
Proving full clear the saying true,
From little ills oft great ones grow.
The fragments in the street alighted
On passers' heads, who screamed affrighted !
Till gaping crowds in sore dismay,
All wonder-struck, stopped up the way ;
Or, as the pieces rattling fell,
One o'er t' other scampered pell mell.

Oh ! would that now the worst was past,
That we could call this ill the last.
But no ; the book reverberated
To where old Peter's wife was seated,
In snowy satin dress'd, and writing
A friendly note, where, fiercely smiting
The inkstand full, it fell, alighting,
With its contents—oh, dread mishap !—
Right in her unprotected lap !
She horrid screamed, as well she might,
For she was going out that night, .
First upon a friend to call,
And after to a full-dress ball,
And had but just her own room quitted,
To ask her lord how the dress fitted.

No efforts now her rage could bound,
With angry strides she rushed around—
Besmeared ! disordered ! strange the sight—
Like magpie seeming, black and white ;
On the boys fierce kicks bestowing,
Caps, and satchels, all ways throwing—
Bibles also, inkstands, slates ;
Some breaking windows, some boys' pates—
Till shouts without, and screams within,
Made Babel-like indeed the din !

Silence ! roared Peter ; left and right
Laid on the boys with all his might.
It mattered not, the first who came
Felt first the vengeance of his cane.
But this to atoms broke he too ;
What came to hand at random threw ;
Till ruin, never like before,
Spread in disorder o'er the floor.
Here blood—there ink—here books lay torn—
There a desk broken—here a form.

But what is worse, the crowds below,
Impatient, sought the cause to know
Of such a scene of dread confusion ;
But none could draw a right conclusion.
Some, sore alarmed, ran round the place,
Shouting aloud, Police—police !
Some, murder ! cried—some, fire !—some,
Half mad, for tubs and buckets run ;

And with their watery burden came,
 Resolved at once to quench the flame.
 To clear the way some earnest more
 With force tremendous burst the door ;
 Others rushed on without delay
 The fire's fierce ravages to stay ;
 Deluging every room, till now
 From each a river seemed to flow ;
 Their watery burden fresh renewed,
 Their object bold they still pursued,
 Till in the schoolroom they discovered
 'Twas wrath that needed to be smothered.

Peter, o'erpowered, lay as one dead ;
 His wife, convulsed, was borne to bed ;
 The boys lay hidden here and there,
 Trembling from top to toe with fear ;
 But hearing now the clock strike four,
 They scampered off with all their power,
 Striving the while to find what error
 Had caused a scene so full of terror.

Young Tim he flew swift as the wind,
 To tell her ladyship his mind ;
 Who, as she heard his tale of care,
 Seemed more to smile than shed a tear.
 But all these things to one end tended,
 His days at Windram's school were ended.
 So, friends, I tell you, in conclusion,
 Ends lesson first in elocution.


THE DIFFICULTY DECIDED;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS IMAGE.

ONCE, when superstitions blind
With mental mists o'erveiled the mind,
And scarce a truth its sweet beam shed
To cheer the gloom far o'er earth spread—
When power and craft as one combined
To hold in servile chains mankind ;
And selfish pride, with cruel might,
Triumphant trampled on the right,
Two lords of princely dignity,
Named Don O'Dos and Don O'Dee,
From monarchs mighty both descended,
Each with the other bold contended
For the crown, that wondrous thing—
In other words, to be a king.

Great Don O'Dos claimed heir to be,
Defiance bid to Don O'Dee ;



O'er the disputed regions swore
To reign, as reigned his sires before
By right Divine, which right would he
Defend against the enemy,
Where'er, by whomsœ'er withstood,
Although it cost him seas of blood.
His bold opponent smiled disdain
At these his threats, refused his claim,
Declared he scorned his boasting words,
And swore with him to measure swords.

What came to pass you may suppose,
When discord fires such haughty foes.
Each to the gory battle field
With equal confidence appealed,
There to decide the vaunted right
By war's dread ordeal of might.

Each at the head of armies vast,
In conflict fearful met at last ;
Their troops tremendous spread afar,
And rushed like war-dogs to the war ;
Howling, cursing, dreadful to see
Each bosom filled with enmity ;
Awful the ruin spread around,
Blood, arms, dead, dying, veil the ground ;
The very earth quakes to its core,
Racked by the fierce discordant roar ;
The heavens turn black, ashamed to see
Man thus with man at enmity ;

And words prove vain to picture true,
The horrors dread which pained the view.
Yet on they fought—still warriors fell,
The lists of grizzly death to swell,
Till dead on dead in heaps up rose,
Mingled together friends and foes ;
While streams from many a gaping wound,
Like crimson rivers stained the ground,
And wounded men by other feet
Crushed, heedless, mourned their cruel fate ;
Some shrieking shrill, some groaning sad,
Some praying, some with torture mad
Roaring out curses ; thousands dead
Lie silent on their gory bed,
Whose eyes, distorted visage pale,
Their last dread agonies reveal ;
Dying, alas ! and no friend near
To wipe away life's last, last tear ;
Dying with grim misfortune's dart,
To wound with grief some other heart ;
Making love's dearest prospects fade,
Widows' and orphans' bosoms bleed ;
For none so vile, or void of care,
That is not to some other dear.

Alas ! that man, man's foe should be,
Our fellow our chief enemy,
While brutes of kind consorting play,
Man, brutish more, man seeks to slay ;

Demons outdoing even, who,
Though false to God, to self are true;
One joined in conflict, plotting, revel,
Not man-like, devil against devil.

The drum's wild rattle, trumpet's roar,
These horrors dismal swell still more;
With shouts commingling, as they rush
Mad with wild hate the foe to crush;
'Midst shrieks and groans horrid to hear,
Which torturing cleave the atmosphere;
While hungry vultures hover nigh
Watching, as men contentious vie,
The carrion feast with piercing eye;
Impatient as foul sprites of air,
The carnival of blood to share.
Yet urged by hate, in malice strong,
They still contend—the war goes on.
Now victory on this side doth seem,
See! how their flaming weapons gleam,
As high they wave them in their rush,
The foe defiant bold to crush.
Hark! how they roar! tremendous sound!
See! how they tear the quaking ground!
The earth as awe-struck trembles sore,
As woe spreads wide her bosom o'er;
And only Death, in horrid spite,
Amidst such ruin grins delight.
Their proud advance is vain—behold,
The enemy his ground doth hold,

Meets the advancing roar of death,
And bold the foes' strength scattereth.
Dreadful the sight ! see how they yield—
Leave thousands bleeding on the field,
The assailed now in their turn assail,
Fight fierce, yet fight without avail ;
Retire, re-form, again contend,
Bold to assault, firm to defend ;
Yet equal meeted, all proved vain,
Neither the victory could gain.

Now midst the war a priest appears,
Low bending with the weight of years,
But giant-like in mind, and still
With strength endued, of vigorous will ;
Forth from his eyes a light did seem,
As from an eagle's, fierce to gleam ;
And when he spoke, his words did roll
Like thunders mighty in the soul.
White were his locks as new-fallen snow,
As was his beard, which down did flow
O'er ample robes, that graceful fell,
With his high office answering well.
He godlike seemed, sent from above,
To transform man's wrath into love ;
That who beheld him needs must be,
Inclined to hear him reverently,
And with a well-becoming dread,
Yield to be by his counsels led.

High on a rock he takes his stand,
Which doth a view o'er all command ;
Himself unheeding, though the spear
And sword gleamed deathlike threatening near,
And round him hissed the arrows fleet,
And men fell groaning at his feet.
An angel guard seemed hovering round,
Making where he stood holy ground ;
That he, with such protectors nigh,
Was proof against earth's enmity,
And could unhurt, with virtue bold,
The war's dread ravages behold.

Silent a while he stood, soul-moved,
At last his words his feelings proved :
Out on ye, out, with raging voice
He fearful roared. Is this your choice ?
To desolate ? Why be so evil ?
Why act like children of the devil ?
Listen to me, I will befriend,
And soon the difficulty end ;
High Heaven is tired of your misdoing,
And sent me to avert your ruin ;
I'll tell you plain who king shall be,
If Don O'Dos, or Don O'Dee ;
The rightful heir shall clear be shewn,
And him right loyal all men own.
I will a miracle perform,
That shall your souls of doubt disarm,

Make every eye distinctly see,
What now seems wrapt in mystery.
Meet me, O chiefs ! each with his men,
At sunrise here, I'll answer then ;
Trust ye my powers, so shall ye prove
That I can transform wrath to love ;
Meanwhile a truce, spread no more sorrow,
Wait but in patience till to-morrow.

He said, his voice seemed powerful more
To make men tremble than the roar
Of thundering war, so dread was he,
His words so full of mystery ;
Such aspect grave, with purpose kind,
Won every ear, subdued each mind,
That now the warriors sheathed their swords,
Intent to listen to his words.
Before him some low prostrate bent,
And to thoughts grateful gave full vent ;
Others as thunderstruck did seem ;
Some as just woke up from a dream ;
Tears ran down sunburnt cheeks ; yea, more,
Hearts melted were, like steel before.
Some thought him God, an angel some,
But to dispute him dared there none.
The hostile princes bowed assent,
And pensive sought each one his tent,
Till morn the moments to beguile,
Invoking fortune's gracious smile.

Long seemed it ere the night was past,
But day broke joyfully at last.

The thrilling trump, the rolling drum,
Proclaim the hour appointed come,
And forth they march, in order meet,
With smiles their priestly friend to greet ;
Who promised by his intervention,
To put an end to their contention.
And there they meet, and there he stands,
With flowing locks, and upraised hands,
Bowing before an image grave,
Intent mysterious gifts to crave ;
While from the armies round him near,
All still as death his words to hear.

Beside him, low the princes bend,
To every look, word, act, attend ;
On one hand one, one on the other,
Seeming now each to each a brother ;
Resolved in mind, that come what may,
They would the priest in all obey ;
To love henceforth, change past contention,
And thank Heaven for his intervention.
All in their place, the priest now blessed them,
And thus, in solemn strain, addressed them :

This image dread is sent from heaven,
To which the mystic power is given
To make mysterious matters plain,
The sun shed light, the clouds give rain,

And that to earth it might be suited,
To settle matters when disputed.
Its negatives, or affirmations,
Have power to calm opposing nations ;
Its shake of No, or nod of Yes,
Can this world's direst ills redress.
Nor is this which I gravely mention
A thing of show, or man's invention,
As you yourselves shall witness be ;
Therefore confiding trust in me,
And while unto it I'm appealing,
Listen in silence, lowly kneeling.

He said, all knees at once were bent,
Each listened with an ear intent ;
Yea, both his words and motions heeded,
As thus the reverend priest proceeded.
He to the image strange drew near,
Weeping sad tears in pious care ;
His body bending with grave motion,
As offering to it his devotion.
At last, in solemn mood he spoke,
And thus the pensive silence broke :
Image divine, from heaven descended,
We come to be by you befriended ;
Oh, then, by mystic power make known,
Who is entitled to the crown ;
That envious foes may cease to burn,
And all men to their homes return ;

Yea, now heaven's will clear indicate,
That each may learn his future fate ;
Oh answer, be it gain or loss,
Say, image, is it Don O'Dos ?
Dread sight ! the image thus addressed,
Thrice shook its head, before at rest ;
Inspired seeming—e'en to live,
As thus it gave its negative ;
While awe-struck, all bent low before it,
With fear and wonder to adore it.

The priest approving paused a while,
His face enlivened with a smile ;
Delighted thus around to view
The faith of all so generous, true.

Again, proceeding as before,
He bent low, reverent to adore ;
Once more his serious questions pressed
And thus the image grave addressed :

Again, O mighty image, move,
The secret will of Heaven to prove ;
Thee I invoke, O answer me,
Is the right heir great Don O'Dee ?

Awful to view the image now,
Thrice with grave motion made its bow ;
And thus, as clear as could be, gave
An answer in the affirmative.
The future king acknowledged plain,
That none could now his zeal restrain,

But all as one voice lustily
Roared out, Long live King Don O'Dee.
'Twas vain Heaven's purpose to withstand,
The princes shook each other's hand ;
Swore henceforth never to contend,
But live in peace as friend with friend.

Sweet was the sight thus strange to see,
Transformed to love past enmity ;
To see men, heedless until now,
Like children weep, like true saints vow,
Cluster around the image near,
Whose loving help had made it dear ;
To kiss it, bless it, bow before it,
Acknowledge, worship, and adore it.
The reverend priest beheld, and cried,
I see my sons are satisfied,
Have proved correct the counsel given,
And that this image came from heaven.
But as so worthy you appear,
I'll doubly make this matter clear ;
Each to his place, and you shall see
Repeated o'er this mystery,
To set your hearts at rest for ever,
That future foes you can be never.

A shout tremendous shook the ground
As thus he spoke—all formed around
The image strange, straining their vision
Again to witness its decision ;

Each warrior as before low kneeling,
And all hearts throbbing with strange feeling.

The priest proceeded as before
To utter prayers, weep, and adore;
Which forms now all complete and ended,
Before the image low he bended,
And thus in reverent accents cried:
Again, O image dread! decide;
So shall our sons in concord rest
And with sweet peace the land be blessed;
Oh answer, be it gain or loss,
Say, image, is it Don O'Dos?

Its head shook thrice, again to give
E'en as before its negative.
Once more the priest inquired, Tell me
Is the right heir great Don O'Dee?
The image did not seem to hear,
For there it stood, nor budged a hair.
The priest again the question pressed,
The image still remained at rest;
With louder voice he shouted more,
Still was it silent as before.
This was too much for flesh to bear;
The priest raged fearful, tore his hair,
Looked fierce, his teeth gnashed, shook his head,
Stamped on the ground in anger dread,
Foamed at the mouth—fearful to see—
His soul seemed like the storm-beat sea;

In fierce wrath lashed by passion's wind,
Whose ravages no power can bind.
The sight so dread, made strong men feel
Timid as babes, and as snow pale ;
The boldest trembled struck with fear,
Deeming some awful judgment near,
The like whereof no history told,
Either in modern times or old ;
The princes valiant even were
About to flee, awe-struck with fear ;
But this the priest at once prevented,
As thus his wrath in words he vented :
Move not a man, who does, I swear
My curse his tortured soul shall tear ;
The frowning heavens in vengeful hate
Make terrible his future fate ;
Kneel where you are, kneel till you see
The image move, which soon shall be ;
And so the heart, racked and oppressed,
After contention shall find rest.

His words like thunder rolling near,
Made every bosom quake with fear,
And spell-bound still they kneel around,
Like firm-fixed statues to the ground ;
Waiting, with visage pale with care,
The dread reply to see or hear ;
Helpless to flee, fearful to stay,
Filled all with terror and dismay.

The priest now worshipped as before
The image, and thus spoke once more,
With rage increasing, as if he
Had o'er its gifts authority,
And could compel it to fulfil
His every wish by force of will:

Image awake ! commissioned here
The dark, mysterious to make clear ;
Thee heaven sent, I command, obey
Whate'er I ask without delay ;
Or thy hid genius too as well,
Shall sink like foes of heaven to hell.
So let no demon, bent on ill,
Tempt thee to lightly weigh my will ;
For true as I've the right so true,
I'll make thee what is worthy do,
Or heaven invoke—thunder, hail, rain,
Infernal horrors, torturing pain.
This spirit of the image know,
And answer me obedient now ;
So shall our sons in concord rest,
And with sweet peace the land be blest.
Now, tell me who is king to be,
Say instant is it Don O'Dee ?

The image moved not—awful now
The clouds which veiled the fierce priest's brow ;
Too great his rage meet words to utter,
So all he could was curse and mutter,

And stamp, and bite his lips, and tear
His priestly robes and hoary hair.
Pacing the image round about,
At last, enraged, he shouted out,
With flashing eye and mouth of foam :
I'll pay you out when you get home.

 This simple sentence powerful proved.
Again the mystic image moved,
Aside its gorgeous mantle threw,
And bared its bosom full in view.
Oh horror ! now all eyes before,
His wide chest opened like a door,
When lo ! a boy displayed his head,
Whose eyes with scalding tears were red,
He sobbed, he cried, at last he spoke :
'Tis not my fault, the string is broke.

THE COTTAGE FIRESIDE.

HERE, near a lonely wood I dwell,
From noise and strife removed ;
Our cottage though it be not great,
Is not the less beloved.
'Twas here I spent my infant days,
And here would still abide,
For oh ! to me no spot is like
Our cottage fireside.

'Twas here I prattled first a prayer,
'Twas here I used to play,
And resting on my mother's breast,
In slumber closed the day.
O'er those dear times now ever past,
My memory fond doth glide ;
Endearing to my heart still more
Our cottage fireside.

I used to wander, gladsome, free,
Through gardens, fields, and bowers,

To pluck the daises, butter-cups,
And other sweet wild-flowers ;
Then home returning, loaded well,
I'd spread my apron wide,
And plait them into garlands, near
Our cottage fireside.

Here many a tale have I heard told,
Of wonders that have been ;
Stories of witches, wizards, ghosts,
By our forefathers seen ;
Then, though affrighted, I cared not
So long as I could hide,
By drawing my stool closer to
Our cottage fireside.

The blind and poor oft came our way,
With want oppressed and sad,
But they departed not without
Some gift to make them glad ;
And many a one the Providence
Hath blessed, that did them guide,
To share so free the comforts of
Our cottage fireside.

My father read the Bible there,
His voice I seem to hear,

In fancy see roll down his face
The holy, pious tear ;
When he would speak in melting strain
Of Jesus' love, who died,
Till like a heaven on earth appeared
Our cottage fireside.

'Twas here I first my William saw,
Now one with me in love,
A husband true, a father fond,
As years increasing prove ;
Ah ! little thought I at that time
That I should be his bride,
But fortune blessed that meeting at
Our cottage fireside.

Alas ! my father now is dead,
And with my mother lies,
But oh ! the home their presence blessed
Of others most I prize ;
Here we in peace contented dwell,
And sweet the moments glide,
As we recount the history of
Our cottage fireside.

ASPIRATIONS AFTER TRUTH.

SING, and let Truth be thy dear song,
Man's gentle friend and guide,
May she in triumph reign ere long,—
Her empire far and wide.

Long has she been earth's fondest dream,
Sun of our future day,
Of prophets the inspiring theme,
The poet's fondest lay.

Her light makes faltering hope revive,
The wilderness so drear
To bloom, with verdant glory thrive,
And fruits and flowers bear.

For her glad triumphs thousands wait,
And vent their thoughts in prayer ;
Oh ! come and make the crooked straight,
The dark mysterious clear.

Break thou the oppressor's cruel chain,
Dissolve old falsehood's spell,

Cast error down, and his foul train
In sable depths to dwell.

Life's holiest, happiest dream fulfil,
Humanity upraise,
The earth with peace and virtue fill,
And crown with joy our days.

The aspirations of mankind
Are welcome to her ear,
She comes ! she comes ! light of the mind !
Our mental night to cheer !

Soon falsehood, though it wear a crown,
And much revered may be,
Shall sink, before her awful frown,
Low down to infamy.

And she shall reign immortal queen,
Earth's glory and delight ;
And with her bright almighty beam
Change darkness into light.

ROBERT BURNS.

FULL many a year, around the orb of day,
The earth obsequious has revolved her way,
Since thou, dear Muse, with thy attendant loves,
Resigned a while the rest of sylvan groves,
On errand generous bent, gladsome and free,
To hail with welcome Burns' nativity.
He, Heaven ordained, by thy inspiring power,
Beyond the bound of meaner things to soar ;
To scale the giddy heights of glorious fame,
And win on earth an everlasting name.

Scotland's fair genii saw, with grateful eyes,
Your light-clad band, approved your enterprise ;
Joined hand in hand to lead you forth to where
He whom you sought breathed first the vital air ;
That balmy blessings from your lips might pour,
Like dew distilling on this opening flower ;
That so this infant plant, but budding now,
Might glorious blossom, with rare lustre glow,
And in maturity such rich fruits bear,
That grateful crowds might flock its gifts to share.

Such true has proved. Though moens have waxed
and waned,
Yet lives his memory, still by all esteemed ;
His name a talisman, a fireside spell—
Music, whose charm makes many a bosom swell ;
The gladdener of the peasant's resting hour,
Whose hearth is happier made by its sweet power ;
The boast of mighty minds, who feel and know
His genius lofty, and before it bow ;
That none are found but join the man to crown,
Who makes all hearts the echo of his own.

The few whose haughty pride disdained to see
In one so lowly born such dignity,
Who, though he heavenly sung, turned cold away,
Unmoved, unblessed by his transporting lay.
Where are they now ? By Time's sharp sythe
o'erthrown,

Their ashes scattered, and their names unknown,
Their fancied greatness all dissolved away.
Like hovering mists, chased by the opening day ;
While he they spurned outlives their narrow ire,
His country's glory, and the world's desire.

Say, gentle Muse, oh say, wherein doth lie,
Of such transcending powers, the mystery ?
How learned he thus the art divine so well,
To make, with passions pure, the bosom swell ?
Such are his lays, they make affections glow,
With pearly floods the glistening eyes o'erflow ;

Obdurate natures all obsequious melt,
Which ne'er before one soft emotion felt ;
The lowly poor, if but with virtue blest,
His manhood boast, although by man oppressed ;
To merry laughter change o'erclouded care,
And wrinkled age as rosy youth appear ;
The sluggard tongue inspired with sudden power,
Speak eloquent of things unfelt before ;
The sordid soul, unused in thought to rise,
Ambitious, soar in generous enterprise ;
Virtue and vice appear in form so true
That those who see must needs the ill eschew ;
Convivial friends, on mutual pleasure bent,
More jovial feel, to merrier thoughts give vent ;
Each soul-chord thrilling, struck with magic power,
Till swells with gladness more the passing hour.
If love the theme, it is in strains so dear
That love itself doth lovelier far appear,
Till by its sweet force conquered, heart joins heart,
In bonds so close that death alone can part.
His song fans bright the patriotic flame,
Makes the oppressed uprise, as giants seem,
Their shackles burst, their haughty lords defy
And claim to live in liberty or die.
Yea, more, with fancy's images he feeds
The wondering mind, as curiously he leads
Through mystic groves where fairy troops abide
Or subterranean vaults where demons hide ;

O'er things above, below his power he proves,
And with strange visions human passions moves.

Withal, what tenderness his songs display !
How to the heart they find their easy way !
What power of mind his glowing themes do shew,
Whether of heaven he sings, or things below !
What lowliness with majesty unite,
What love of beauty with a sense of right,
What flights of fancy, with a wisdom rare,
What humour, seasoned with a judgment clear !
Such is the power mysterious of his lay,
Though years decline it passeth not away,
But still rolls on its course refreshing now,
Fresh as when from his tongue it first did flow ;
Here rippling past, there flowing deep and wide,
Now dancing playful, swelling now full tide ;
A stream of pleasure, rich, and running o'er,
Which, if you taste, you needs must crave for more.
It makes, 'midst nature's wilds, more joy abound,
And gorgeous mansions echo with the sound ;
Is to the world a treasure, which to hold
Is elevating more than mines of gold ;
A sweet necessity, that, lost his theme,
Full many a heart would desolated seem.

Powers so transcending have their source above
In heavenly wisdom, heavenly wisdom prove ;
'Tis He gives man the vast, the mighty mind,
'Midst things so high an element to find ;

To revel free where godlike beauty leads,
And thoughts sublime, the spirit soaring feeds.
Such are his prophets manifest below
To give full proof, and make their fellows know
That man should strive the higher good to share,
As more than things material claim his care.
Such noble souls attract the beams divine,
First to themselves, again to make them shine,
By sweet reflection, lest their glory bright,
Of unveiled lustre, blind our feebler sight.
They, as in miniature, a likeness shew
Of the sublime above to men below ;
By Heaven are placed in intermediate space,
'Twixt him and us, a high illustrious race ;
As suns and stars, lit by his glorious ray,
By mental power to rule our moral day.
E'en such the man I sing, in whom we see
The beautiful in full maturity ;
The glory of whose soul-transporting lay
Turns cloudy-darkness into brilliant day ;
The lawless savage makes a gentle dove,
The tiger selfishness transforms to love ;
And so a Heaven-sent blessing doth appear,
Earth's joys to quell, and soothe away its care.
E'en as his song, so true the man we find,
As generous of heart as great in mind ;
Goodness he honoured—loved integrity,
Despised all meanness, scorned hypocrisy ;

All empty show provoked his soul with pain,
Hence freely uttered he his bold disdain
Of those who wear a saintly cloak, to shield
A nature men would shrink from if revealed.

Though he than others less religious seemed,
Yet thoughts devout his manly heart inflamed,
On faith's bold pinions he knew how to rise,
And feed his vision with Heaven's mysteries.
Thus, while he put hypocrisy to shame,
Whose foul defilements dimmed religion's name,
He with Heaven-seasoned thought true spirits fed,
And onward in hope's path the timorous led;
Upraised the grovelling mind to scenes divine,
And true hearts made to pious deeds incline.

To him religion true an angel seemed
And never was save with due reverence named ;
And if e'en doubts disturbed his honest mind,
'Twas ne'er without a prayer the truth to find ;
His ever-present aspirations were—
A true, a good, an honest heart to share ;
To live a man, and, while he lived, employ
His utmost powers to swell earth's store of joy ;
Deeming the creature's happiness as dear
To the Creator who has placed him here ;
And that his love doth most the man caress
Who honest seeks his fellow-man to bless ;
That he, whose sympathy dries others' tears,
Knows most of God, and most His image bears ;

And as for heaven, he thought those best prepare
To share its joys who do their duty here.
To him, goodness was God in miniature,
Making, where stamped, eternal interests sure,
Rant, cant, and bigotry, hell in disguise,
Source pregnant of earth's direst miseries.

His very faults mark him the more sincere,
That though we gentle chide, we still revere ;
What cunning prudence would have careful veiled
He open did, however fierce assailed ;
Not self-commending, but to make us shun
The sable spots which dimmed his moral sun.
And though some then his faults did magnify,
Who now his virtues many would deny ?
Nay, all acknowledge like the sun his beam
So glorious shines, his spots are scarcely seen.

Sorrow frowned on him ; who can picture true
The struggling cares his grief-torn bosom knew ?
Now disappointment, now ingratitude,
Slights from the mighty, insults from the rude ;
Yea, poverty itself, and few friends near,
Its dull weight added, terrible to bear ;
This oft his only joy, the bliss to know
That he, though sore oppressed, soothed others' woe ;
Making them bask in visions of delight,
While tears of briny grief dimmed his own sight.

But sorrow changed not—he remained the same,
His woes but adding glory to his name ;

That now the world repents that he should be
O'erveiled by death ere men his worth could see ;
And now his ashes overshadowed the tear
Of generous sympathy denied him here.

Come, ye who love the beautiful and true,
Men of like minds, he must be dear to you ;
Whose spirits free, whom no conditions bind,
The guides advanced of ever-soaring mind ;
Who at the same bright fountainhead of light,
With angel-rapture feed your craving sight ;
Sound the vast depths of thought, or soaring stray
Where stars and planets, gem-like, strew the way ;
With souls so sensitive, and well-tuned ear,
If heaven but whisper soft, his voice you hear ;
With transport listen, tremble and adore,
Till life reigns only, Eden seems once more ;
You, heavenly-taught, whose thoughts in accents roll,
Full gushing from the fountain of the soul ;
Harmonic, pure, melodious, rich, and free,
Inspiring life, truth, love, and ecstasy ;
Unite to swell the honours of his name,
Who of your number was in heart the same ;
Your eyes his virtues noble can descry,
Though even shaded with infirmity.
Let Scotland's sons and daughters lead the way,
And mingle, true men all, to swell the lay ;
Bring ye forth laurels green, plait wreaths of flowers,
Beauty, your graces lend—music, your powers ;

Let perfumes load, let gladness rend the air
With songs in memory of a name so dear.

And if, sweet spirit ! Heaven permit, come thou
And see how men revere thy memory now ;
And should one thought of past injustice find
A lingering place within thy glorious mind,
Forget it now, let joy dwell there alone,
For present honours former wrongs atone.

THE FRIENDLY CUP OF TEA.

WHEN in the west the sun retires,
 Veiling his golden beams
With clouds, which glow like heaven-lit fires,
 Gorgeous as fairy scenes ;
Till mountains seem on mountains piled,
 Tinted with every hue—
Here dazzling rich, there blushing mild,
 Enchanting to the view ;
How pleasant 'tis, as day thus ends,
 In spirit blithe and free,
To join and drink, with merry friends,
 A friendly cup of tea !

The poets sing of paradise,
 And tell of Eden's bloom,
But this is lost to mortal eyes,
 O'erveiled with clouds of gloom.
And earth is cursed with grief and care,
 At least so people say,
But there's an antidote to cheer,
 And soothe our griefs away.

And what care I while this remains,
I'll drink and blitheful be,
And hail with joy, whoe'er complains,
A friendly cup of tea.

Thou fragrant fount of social bliss,
I've felt and own thy power ;
In thee a mystic influence is
To cheer the passing hour.
Wine is a mocker, and, alas !
Too oft the source of woe ;
Whose fame thy gentle powers surpass
To make pure pleasures flow.
Then drink and sing, a happy man,
'Midst smiles and friendships free,
In social mirth, whene'er you can,
A friendly cup of tea.

But if you bachelors would live,
Or grave old maidens die,
Why then this cup so social leave
For other lips to try ;
For there are dangers you should fear,
So count before the cost,
For many a tale extant is there
Of hearts oft being lost.
The fact is, Cupid, with his dart,
True aiming pierces sore,

Torturing with love's pangs the heart
That scorned his power before.
But I this danger do not fear,
For should I wounded be,
I 'll yield and drink, as solace dear,
A friendly cup of tea.

BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH.

HER hour was come—'twas midnight—darkness
frowned

O'er nature calm—the moon was hid—no star
Lit up the heavens—dull silence reigned around,
Save that the solemn bell its notes rolled far ;
When, lo, a mother fond wept o'er her child
Who, dying, thus spoke soft in accents mild :

Weep not for me, sweet mother—do not weep—
Though death dissolve this tottering house of clay,
He can no more, the Lord of life will keep
The soul secure, his further ravage stay ;
So, though this poor afflicted body die,
I yet shall live beyond the starry sky.

Yes, I shall live in peace, dear mother, there,
In that fair land where the departed great
Dwell in one home—a common glory share—
Where spirits perfect made all gladsome meet
Never to part, never to sin or sigh,
For there God wipes all tears from every eye.

My father gone before I there shall view,
And, meeting, bless him with rejoicing heart,
That he his care paternal joined with you
To teach my soul to choose the better part.
And oh ! if spirits can, with watchful care,
I'll come and be your angel ever near.

Then do not weep so ; though I weep, these tears,
Which flood mine eyes, are tears of sacred bliss ;
I needs must weep, so glorious heaven appears,
To which I go—come nearer—let me kiss
Your griefs away—smile mother—do not weep—
Death only is to me a gentle sleep.

My mortal limbs, so active once, are now
Dumb to command, or I would rise and press
You fondly to my heart, and feel you throw
Your arms around me, gently to caress
As you were used, but now I can but prove,
With whispers soft and looks, my heart's warm love.

I scarce can breathe, scarcely a pulse remains,
Yet I am happy—happy—heavenly love,
The more this body fails, the more sustains ;
His promise precious faithful now I prove,
And would not change this sweet serenity
For all life's joys before so dear to me.

My tongue refuses, or I'd tell you more—

Hark ! mother—nearer—do you hear that strain ?
How sweet, how solemn, listen and adore—

Kneel soft beside me—there, it sounds again !
Hold—hold—your breath a while, and stay your tears,
And mar not such delights with mortal cares.

Say, mother, is this dying? why, to me

Death gives new vigour, life now more abounds—
Angels of light surround me, mother; see !

They call me—listen—what transporting sounds !
Let go thy hold, O earth !—farewell ! I soar
Where sin comes not, and sorrows are no more.

'Twas over now—severed was life's frail thread—

The soul was free, as senseless marble chill
The body lay—she seemed to smile, though dead ;
Upon her lips her last words lingered still.
Long wept the widowed mother o'er her child,
No voice to cheer her now in accents mild.

ENGLAND AND LIBERTY.

LET true hearts join, with one desire,
In harmony to sing,
While thoughts of liberty inspire,
And nature's wild-woods ring
The glory of our island home,
Land of the brave and free ;
Be this our theme, where'er we roam,
England and Liberty.

Chorus—

Shout, Britons, shout—Old England say—
Land of the brave and free ;
Three cheers for England—hip, hurrah,
England and Liberty.

No slavish chains enthrall us here,
No superstitions bind ;
The right of freedom glad we share
In body and in mind.
Proud is our race, and justly too,
We grateful are as well,

For few like us boast freedom true,
And there are none excel.

Chorus—Shout, Britons, shout, &c.

Behold the nations all around
In dread confusion are,
There tyrants reign, and lies abound,
Blood, terror, chains, and war ;
But truth and freedom flourish here,
None can our rights deny ;
To think, to speak, to act we dare,
Our watchword Liberty.

Chorus—Shout, Britons, shout, &c.

The tyrant host would fain combine
Our freedom to o'erthrow,
And stop the rays of truth divine,
Which here around us glow.
They envy us, as well they may,
A home so glad and free,
They would, but cannot steal away
Our native liberty.

Chorus—Shout, Britons, shout, &c.

May Providence our gifts prolong,
Make us to virtue true,
Build up our nation's bulwarks strong,
Lead us the right to do ;

Dissensions end, all cunning foil,
Strew plenty with his hand,
And help us still the foes to spoil,
Who would enslave our land.

Chorus—Shout, Britons, shout, &c.

THE DESERTED ONE.

HERE am I left to wander
 'Midst nature's wilds alone,
O'er the dull past to ponder,
 Deserted and undone ;
In spirit sore dejected,
 No comfort now to cheer ;
By him I loved rejected,
 Hope changed into despair.

Fair morn returns with gladness
 To lighten other eyes,
Still I am dark with sadness,
 My bosom heaves with sighs ;
The fondly hoped-for morrow
 Comes and declines away,
But cheers not my grim sorrow,
 Day brings to me no day.

The gloomy hours pass slowly,
 Their swifter flight I crave ;
And, broken-hearted, lowly,
 Entreat an early grave.

But vain is my imploring,
Death turns away his ear,
And leaves me still deploring,
Bowed down with grief and care.

My story sad not knowing,
Some wonder I should sigh,
And when my tears are flowing
They ask the reason why ?
It is, my hope is blighted,
Which youthful fancy drew ;
My warm affections slighted,
Which glowed with ardour true.

In his fair words confiding,
Which as truth's self did seem :
Beneath his smile abiding,
Love was my only dream.
But when I thought, delighted,
He would my fondness crown,
He left me sad, benighted,
His smile turned to a frown.


He swore, yet me deceiving,
Unfaithful fled away,
My trustful soul bereaving
Of hope which beamed so gay ;

Oh ! better had he slain me
Than thus soul-treacherous prove ;
Deceive, and then disdain me ;
Win, then betray my love.

How oft, in gentle measure,
And melting melody,
I've heard, with sweetest pleasure,
His song roll far and free ;
And joined myself, delighted,
To swell the thrilling theme,
While warbling birds united,
Seemed to respond the same.

But now their notes are ended,
They have no song for me,
I wander, unbefriended,
Child of adversity.
Oh ! that I was but dreaming,
That I could wake and find
The joyous hopes still beaming,
Which once rejoiced my mind.

Oh ! for that happy childhood,
When glad I spent my hours
In going to the wild wood,
My pathway strewn with flowers.



My mother often heard me
Sing free my girlish lay,
With smiles and kisses cheered me
Along the sunlit way.

But lost to me for ever
Is all I held most dear ;
She's gone, her words will never
Again my bosom cheer ;
Her silent grave for hours
I watch with tearful eye,
And, strewing it with flowers,
Think what a bliss to die.

She said—the tears were falling,
Her eyes rolled wild in death,
She prayed, to Heaven calling,
With her expiring breath :
Her heart could hold no longer,
The life-strings break away,
She prayed for him that wronged her,
And fell to death a prey.

Now, when the moonbeams hover
Around the yew trees drear,
Beside her grave the lover
Is seen deploring there ;

Soul-tortured, mourning sadly,
That in an evil hour,
To love's vows false, he madly
Destroyed so sweet a flower.

And fain would he recover,
If tears could life restore,
For these her ashes over,
His eyes o'erflooded pour ;
As on her cold grave falling,
He craves not now to live,
Or for Heaven's favour calling,
Moans out, Forgive ! forgive !

His tears, above recorded,
Allure the wronged one near ;
Ill is with good rewarded,
She proves her angel care ;
As loving still, low bending,
She whispers in his ear,
As spirits can, befriending,
Pardon in accents clear.

But though forgiven ever,
Still thoughts his bosom tear
Of the dear past, and never
Will life as once appear.

For what is earth's caresses ?
What wealth and station high
To heal the heart's distresses,
Or love's lost place supply.

HAIL! NEW-BORN YEAR.

HAIL ! new-born year, thy father, Time,
Has swallowed up the past,
As he before has done, and will—
Hence brief his offspring last.
But each succeeding one, he makes
In blessings so excel,
That, though he desolates, he still
Doth compensate as well.

Thou comest dressed in silvery robes,
Thy neck doth crystals bear,
With hovering mists, the sunbeams strive
Thy infant days to cheer.
A few more moons, and shining spring
Shall make thy bosom glow
With vernal joy, and summer fair
With beauty crown thy brow.

Autumn shall swell still more thy joys,
With gifts of fruits and flowers,

And perfumes rare, the products sweet
Of gardens, fields, and bowers.
Then thou to winter too must yield ;
But ere thy end we see,
Leave tokens good, so shalt thou still
Live in our memory. \

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, native island, from thee I must sever,
To dwell where no longer thy charms I shall see ;
When afar o'er the ocean, forget thee I 'll never,
Sweet home of my fathers, dear land of the free.

I will think of times past with sweet recollection,
Thy hills, and thy valleys, where childhood was
spent ;
To leave thee, my soul is bowed down with dejection,
My eyes full of sorrow, their briny grief vent.

How oft have I wandered, with spirit elated,
My bosom with summer's rich treasures to fill ;
Or, on the bank fragrant 'midst wild-flowers seated,
Watched by me dance sparkling the murmuring
rill.

I fondly remember how sought I contented
To rest in the shade of the old oaken tree,
Entranced with delight as the merry lark vented
Her song, soaring gladsome as type of the free.

Dear home of my childhood, though humble the dwelling,

Around thee in fondness still lingers my heart,
And with sad emotions my bosom is swelling,
To think I must needs from thy threshold depart.

Endeared by affection, oft hallowed by prayer,
Mehastthou safe sheltered when storms beat around;
The home that I'm promised is richer and gayer,
But one so much treasured there ne'er can be found.

The sails are unfurled now, and all is commotion,
The winds playful whistle, the sea-birds shrill cry,
The song rolls afar of the sons of the ocean,
And tears fondly stealing dim many an eye.

The anchor is weighed, and the tide is swift flowing,
Farewell, native island ! dear England, adieu !
Deep is my heart's anguish as from thee I'm going,
I weep as thy green hills dissolve from my view.

MISER SAND AND THE MAGIC BAND;

OR,

STORY-TELLING IN OLD TIMES.

MYSTERIOUS past ! how wonderful to trace
Our own beginnings back from race to race,
From son to sire, on, on till Time's dim clouds
The germ mysterious of life's tree enshrouds ;
And naught is seen, no, not a star, to cheer
The sable darkness of those regions drear ;
But all uncertain is, grim-visaged Doubt
Usurps dominion—none can cast him out.
Hence who thus far presume to venturous stray,
Must needs, in bypaths mazy, lose their way ;
For none can tell, o'erveiled by ancient night,
The way that wrong is, from the way that's right.
Yet, nothing daunted, some have even dared
So far to venture, though by light uncheered,
And stories strange have told of visions seen,
Of things that are, of wonders that have been ;
Till vast and mighty now the ancient store
Of mystic-moving awe-inspiring lore.

Tales soul-exciting, making e'en the hair
Start up affrighted—each joint quake with fear;
To chilly icicles freeze the warm blood,
The eyes with tears of briny grief o'erflood.

Some stories awful are of demon hosts,
Fairies, and nymphs, vampires, hobgoblins, ghosts,
Witches, and wizards, gliding everywhere ;
Some haunting earth, some revelling in the air ;
Some seeking churchyards, on the sleeping dead,
With gorge unearthly, hungry, to be fed
With flesh of dead men—horrible to tell—
Which gloating vampires seem to relish well ;
Others, the moonbeams striding, swift as light
Their airy pathway tracing through the night ;
Some reposing soft 'midst fragrant flowers,
Others consorting fond in moonlit bowers ;
Some of vile kind, intent alone on evil,
The wandering message-bearers of the devil ;
Others more vulgar, goblins, ghosts of men
And women dead, returned to earth again,
White as a sheet, thin as the fleeting air,
Disturbing mortals with tormenting fear ;
At midnight sometimes, as in anger burning,
The casements shaking and the tables turning.

Such were the stories with strange relish told,
To feast our curious forefathers of old,
When faith full ripe well favoured the occasion,
Supernal force adding to each narration ;

Making their minds, deluded easy, feel
Things vain and fabulous as matters real ;
Their knowledge scant, favoured credulity,
Hence what now plain is, then was mystery.
Nature, a great magician did appear,
Whose every law and action moved man's fear,
By messengers attended, good and ill,
Ordained to execute his varying will ;
Now to pour curses, now to smile and bless,
Now to make fruitful, now cause barrenness.
Fancy usurped Reason's immortal place,
And from things seeming formed an airy race
Of gods and demons, which our clearer sight
Finds only dreams which vanish in the light,
Leaving alone the modern-moulded mind
To wonder mortals ever were so blind.
But gently blame—nay, herein rather see
A proof of mind's undying energy,
Which, nobly soaring e'en 'midst cloudy night,
In spite of darkness, struggles for the light ;
And if denied the gleam of perfect day,
Invents a torch to light the misty way,
To which it clings, and deems its glimmer dear
Till now the true sun shines in glory clear.

Yet, while we scorn such fables to receive,
As sober facts, this we may still believe—
Those dreams, perhaps by superstition rooted,
Were for humanity's beginnings suited ;

As toys and trifles with which childhood plays,
Serving as playthings of the world's young days ;
Were facts deformed, great truths in strange array,
Nature in riddles, philosophy astray,
All mystery was ; mystery wherein to pry,
Did mental strength by exercise supply ;
Things were their books, experience the school,
And observation tardy taught each rule.
First to the world without man turns his eyes,
Resolved to grasp its varied mysteries ;
Next to the world within—eternal mind—
There mysteries vast and wondrous more to find ;
As children play upon the ocean shore,
Ere they dare venture its dread billows o'er ;
But once afloat, are children now no more,
The pebbles they forget—playthings aside,
Brave now the storm-tossed waves with manly pride ;
The dangerous more, resolved more bold to be,
Lords of the ocean, masters of the sea.
Amidst such struggles mental greatness grew,
Errors were chased, and truth shone forth to view,
Making the soul ambitions, ardent glow,
With thoughts of beauty, tongues well-tuned
o'erflow ;
The poet's song inspired, whose mighty lays
Shame the dull measure of these modern days ;
Yea, made men feel that there were things behind
Life's misty veil to crown the soaring mind,

More than to man appear, which to attain
A treasure proves, transcending earthly gain.

The circumstance romantic served as well
The mystic interest of such tales to swell ;
Beauty 'midst wildness lured the craving sense,
Loveliness adding to magnificence ;
That every spot, with native glory blest,
Fit harbour seemed where fairy bands could rest ;
Nor one without some tale of interest dear,
Which beauty made more beautiful appear ;
That sweet associations, like a band
Wound round, and sacred made each spot of land.
But iron-souled Utility hath dared,
In modern times, despoil these spots endeared ;
That now no haunt is left, no sacred dell,
Where fairy bands can in fond consort dwell ;
The dear enchantment's broken, rude swine feed,
Polluting what past memories sacred made.

Yet other things there were suited to raise
A superstitious reverence in those days ;
Adding mysterious zest, making all feel
The import fearful of each wondrous tale.
There stands the old church, with its graveyard drear,
A gloomy wood, and yawning ravine near ;
The tower o'er other objects soaring high—
Fit emblem of religious dignity ;
The yew trees, which in time past flourished,
Half-wasted, still frown o'er the sleeping dead,

And tombstones, crumbled, now no longer bear
A name to tell whose ashes moulder there ;
Teaching, in virtue true, fame lasts alone,
And not vain praise engraved by art in stone ;
This age shall waste, till all dissolves and fade—
That shall grow glorious more as years succeed.

The ruins of the abbey, yonder, frown,
With the entwining ivy overgrown ;
The moonbeams linger 'midst the wreck of art,
With pallid wonder, tardy to depart ;
The owl and bat their shrill cry, piercing, utter,
And revelling winds among its low vaults mutter ;
The tower in part still stands, whose bell doth toll
Without man's aid, chilling the very soul ;
For there it loosely hangs, whereon doth play
The lawless tempest, when it roars that way ;
Grim Night oft starting from his dread repose,
And men's hearts racking with mysterious throes.

Beside yon wood, half hid by brambles wild,
Are the grim ruins of a castle piled,
Dreadful to view, and stories strange are told
Of him whose home it was in days of old ;
Whose image still in spite of mouldering years,
Within a nitch unharmed by time appears.
But oh ! so fearful e'en the night-birds cry,
As sore affrighted when they flutter by ;
And few so bold who would at midnight dare
To brave the horrors which are spoke of there ;

Yea, it is said strange sights are often seen,
As ghosts of those who there have murdered been,
Let loose to swell the terrors of grim night,
And man with visions terrible affright.
Beneath are vaults and subterraneous ways,
'Tis said for refuge used in ancient days,
Or else for prisons—these are strewed with bones,
And who so far presume hear often groans
Or laughter wild, now shrieks, now music clear,
Now angry murmurs, now strange voices near,
Till e'en the guide familiar starting fears,
And trembles like the flickering torch he bears ;
Groping the sweaty walls, escape to find
From scenes so dread and torturing to the mind.

There winds the river near, hid rocks oppose
Its onward path, but these it overflows,
Roaring beneath, in foaming anger strong,
Resistless, raging still its way along,
'Midst rocky fragments, torn by mystic force
From cliffs o'erhanging, which bestrew its course.
There, too the tempest, as on vengeance bent,
Sweeping that way, doth most its malice vent ;
And thunders fearful, as with jealous boast,
In revelry display their terrors most ;
Whom the winds join, the vivid lightnings too,
Consorting trace their crooked pathway through
The earth and heavens, till now the streams below,
Which roared before, seem but to whisper now.

Beyond, a rock uprears its rugged head,
O'erveiled with clouds which far a shadow shed ;
To life unwelcome, naught can flourish near,
Save reptiles vile and brambles barren, bare ;
Here, echoes oft repeated to the ear,
Returns each sentence mortals utter there ;
Or if the night-bird shrieks, the wild beasts howl,
The tempest rages, or the thunders roll,
The horrid sounds commingle o'er and o'er,
Making harsh dissonance discordant more ;
As if within its rude-cleft caverned side,
Some mocking demon stealthily did hide,
On malice bent, or watchful to decoy,
With arts infernal, then the lured destroy ;
E'en ignisfatuus-like seduce to ruin,
Then mock the victim of his own undoing.
Yonder, alone, with beauty clad, appears
A cottage lovely, which the wild scene cheers ;
The ancient walls o'erveiled with loaded vines,
Sweetbriar, wild ivy, roses, eglantines,
With other flowers, which all their gifts unite,
Of varied glory, to enchant the sight—
Veiling with beauty's shield the wreck of years,
That snowy age like rosy youth appears.
There hath it stood, unknown its builder's name,
Beside the graveyard, years on years the same ;
As if designed to thrive by death so near,
To contrasts make more opposite appear.

Within its walls, in sweet contentment dwell
The young and aged, sire and son as well ;
Yea, children's children—neither rich nor poor—
Enough possessing—craving for no more.

'Tis evening now—without the moon shines clear,
The goodman slumbers in his wicker-chair,
The dame sits knitting, all the children round,
Full anxious waiting the familiar sound
Of her dear voice, loaded with bliss or woe,
As doth her theme with varying interest glow ;
There smiles the mother, baby on her knee
Prattling its joy, leaping the sparks to see
Start shining up, with sudden crackling sound,
From out the wood-fire mouldering on the ground.
The mother fond oft turns with loving care,
Seeming her husband's well-known step to hear ;
For now the accustomed hour desired is come,
That he should share the social sweets of home.
The children earnest all the good dame ply,
Each pressing for some tale of mystery.

"Grandma," cries one, "oh do tell us the same
You did the other night, 'tis called the dream."
"Not that," another cries ; "I'd rather hear
About the haunted cave where ghosts appear."
"No ; that's the best about the giant dread,
Who ground men's bones, and turned them into
bread,"

Answers a third, whose castle soared so high,
That none could him, save little Jack, outvie.
"Yes," cried the next, "but first let grandma tell
The story of the Duke that once did dwell
In the Old Castle, and whose image still
A crevice in the ancient wall doth fill."

"Agreed," they clamorous shout, "agreed—agreed—
Miser Sand and the Magic Band—proceed."

She bows assent, with care relates the same,
Still knitting on, lit by the lamp's dim flame ;
The children, anxious, closer crowd to hear
This tale of horrors, quaking with chill fear,
As from her lips the doleful accents roll,
With wonder awful moving every soul,
Till now they closer cling, fear to look round,
Start if a leaf but trembles on the ground.
The dame feels, too, her ready words roll on,
The ear in accents melting, sweet—anon,
In strains more harsh, if so the theme required,
In turns with love and anger both inspired ;
Her earnestness makes fictions mightier prove
Than graver truths, ill told, the heart to move ;
Thus was she fitted well for the occasion,
And this the substance of her strange narration :

MISER SAND AND THE MAGIC BAND.

THE STORY.

There was a man, of high degree,
In ages now gone by,
Whose troops were numerous, wealth was great,
That none could with him vie.

In the old castle proud he dwelt,
'Midst all that's splendid, gay ;
Before him hosts of menials bent,
Homage servile to pay.

The halls and chambers hung with gold,
Silver, and draperies rare ;
Where lords and ladies nightly thronged,
Rich sumptuous feasts to share.

He was descended from a king,
At least so people said ;
The Duke of Alborough was his name,
But now the race is dead.

He was the last ; and sad to say,
He had a demon guide,

Who, to fulfil his every wish,
Stood ever near his side.

'Twas at the rock, which awful frowns,
He at the midnight hour
The dreadful bargain signed and sealed
With the infernal power.

Dread was the sight, the like before
Had never mortal seen;
Dark was the sky, obscured by mists,
Not one bright star did beam.

From depths below, from heights above,
From regions distant far,
The demon throngs exultant came,
Like legions led to war.

Their horrid forms, their varied hues,
Made darkness direful more,
As now they rest on rugged cliffs,
Or crowd the rocky floor.

A clammy death-like dampness chill
Sepulchral hovered near,
And steaming sulphur's horrid fumes
Poisoned the atmosphere.

The storm-tossed river burst its bounds,
Raging, with awful force,
O'er rocks resistless, on its way
To find some other course.

But when the chief himself appeared
Tremendous was the sight,
Shouts rent the air, and sulphurous fires
With foul gleams shamed the night.

Led by a guide, he entered now
A cavern dark and drear,
Before the demon principal
The covenant to swear.

The bargain made, he now obtains
A magic band to wear
Around his waist, by demon hands
Securely buckled there.

With this endued, he now returns,
Resolved in pride to be
Of lords the chief, and spend his days
'Midst wealth, power, luxury.

The churchyard now was his retreat,
When came the midnight hour,
Where gathered he skulls, dead men's bones,
To aid his magic power.

These he would to the cavern take,
And hide them for a while,
Then, at convenient season, make
Of them a magic pile ;

And, muttering incantations foul,
Light up unearthly fires,
Till demons rose, by him invoked,
To grant his foul desires.

The country round suspicious grew,
So great his wealth and train,
And tried to find the secret out,
But sought it long in vain.

They little thought, but so it proved,
He wore a magic band,
That with a simple wish he could
Whate'er he craved command.

He wished for gold, and gold he had ;
He wished for fruits and flowers,
And these appeared luxuriant, sweet,
Through all his garden bowers.

He wished for damsels and they came,
Arrayed in garments gay,
Of whom some would fantastic dance,
Some sing, some cunning play.

Anon he asked for fiery steeds
And fiery steeds were seen,
Which, fairy-like, the guests would mount,
And gallop o'er the green.

Sometimes he'd ask a sumptuous feast,
A sumptuous feast was there,
Quick as a thought wines, precious fruits,
And all to luxury dear.

But guilty pleasures are but brief,
Like passing mists they end,
And he who follows finds too late
Virtue's our truest friend.

The magic Duke fell sick and died ;
And when he died, the air
Was filled with sulphur, ravens croaked,
Most horrible to hear.

The walls around the castle shook,
The turrets tumbled o'er,
The tower in part, too, crushing fell,
And never was built more.

The body in the chapel lay
Unburied for a while ;
For such the universal dread,
Men shunned a corpse so vile.

But there was one, the Duke's chief friend,
Known far as Miser Land,
To whom the dying Duke revealed
The secret of the band.

This mystic instrument he craved,
Hence secret stole his way
One moonlight night, unseen, unheard,
To steal the belt away.

He entered now the gloomy aisle,
In selfish purpose strong,
And cautiously, from step to step,
Groped his slow way along.

At last he touched the chilly corpse,
Unclassped the magic belt,
Drew it with force within his grasp,
And satisfaction felt.

But sudden tolled the dismal bell,
Strange voices muttered near,
The moonlight ceased, the miser shook,
His joy turned into fear.

The chapel clammy felt and chill,
Old Sand could scarcely breathe,
He groped about, but sought in vain
A place so dread to leave.

Whate'er he touched seemed turned to ice,
Which made him tremble sore,
Till now, despairing, low he fell
Prostrate upon the floor.

A voice aroused him—horrid sound !—
Which made him sudden stand ;
Thus it addressed him, in tones dread :
Give me my magic band ;

Give me my magic band, I pray !
He tried to ope his hand,
But vain ; again the voice dread moaned :
Give me my magic band !

The awful sounds the chapel filled,
Repeated o'er and o'er ;
Old Sand tried hard to place it back,
But felt he had not power.

Escape was vain, there fixed he stood,
The belt firm in his hand,
Groaning, as howls the voice again :
Give me my magic band !

Two lights now, comet-like, fierce gleamed,
These were the dead man's eyes ;
A rumbling sound the chapel shakes,
The corpse begins to rise ;

And sitting half erect it stared,
Upraised its chilly hand,
And life-like, moving, growled again :
Give me my magic band !

Give me my magic band, my band
Which thou hast stole away ;
My mystic band, my magic band,
My band restore, I pray !

My band, my band I'll have, I swear,
My band, without delay ;
I bought it dear, the same will wear,
My band give me, I say ! *

The corpse stared motionless and pale,
The miser fainty felt,
Began to sink, when he bethought,
It is a wishing belt.

Thus thinking, quick he shouted out :
The devil take his own !
When lo ! the earth ope'd wide its mouth,
And band and corpse sunk down.

The miser would have gone as well,
But he his faults descried,

* In reading, this line should be given with sudden force and high voice, to give effect to the story.

Repented all, and, weeping sad,
To Heaven for mercy cried.

So he escaped, and proved his joy,
For lands and goods he sold
To help the poor, amending thus
His former lust for gold.

LAND OF LIGHT.

LAND of light ! beaming bright !
Far distant o'er life's stormy sea ;
Haven dear ! weeping here,
My fond heart longs for thee !
Praying still that I as well,
Glad beyond all measure,
May amidst thy beauties dwell,
Where all is peace and pleasure.
Land of light, &c.

Heavenly rest ! vision blest !
Hope's morning star ! the pilgrim's guide !
Home most dear ! city where
The good and true abide !
There's no night, no sorrow there,
They meet and part never ;
Life abounds, and glad they share
The joys which last for ever.
Land of light, &c.

Sacred shore ! gone before,
Some dear ones are already there ;
Sorrows past, safe at last,
Where love dries every tear.
Vision sweet ! when soft they come,
Cheering midnight slumber ;
Rapture more when, safe at home,
We join their happy number.
Land of light, &c.

Hope divine ! still, still shine,
Cheer us through all the stormy way,
Till we stand on that land,
There distant far away ;
'Tis not long, the moments fly,
Each day brings us nearer ;
Wondrous change, Heaven be thou nigh,
And make our title clearer.
Land of light ! beaming bright !
Far distant o'er life's stormy sea ;
Haven dear ! weeping here,
My fond heart longs for thee !

THE MIDNIGHT FLOOD;

OR,

THE VALLEY OF DESOLATION.

MISFORTUNES dire I sing—a mournful theme—
Whose sad recital needs must start a tear,
If not, as icebound rivers frozen seem
The eyes, indifferent to another's care.

E'en sorrow hath its use, is well designed,
Comes often only as good in disguise,
Leaving such gifts of blessedness behind,
That we its fruits, as dearest treasures, prize.

Years have rolled on since then, but fond hearts
feel
The past still present—such is memory—
It makes what was, but is not, still seem real,
Moving, with mystic force, true sympathy.

'Twas 'midst fair scenes, by histories past endeared,
Where valleys bent and hills on hills soared high,
Where intersected landscapes verdant cheered,
With prospects varying, the enraptured eye.

There grew the wild-rose, cowslips, and eglantines,
Primroses, violets, bluebells, side by side
With hawthorn blooming, sweetbriar, twining vines,
Crowning the land with beauty far and wide.

There thrilled the merry lark her blithful song,
Singing by day sweet welcomes to the spring ;
At eve, Philomel did the strain prolong,
E'en midnight making, with her glad notes, ring.

There sportive boyhood strayed with bosom light,
Ate the wild berry, plucked the flowers gay,
Played in the stream, climbed bold the mountain's
height,
Laughing and whistling gladsome on his way.

And there was joy and merriment around,
As spring advancing chased the winter drear,
And, clad in beauty, made again abound
Her verdant gifts to crown the joyous year.

So was it now—winter was gone, and, free
From icy-bands, the streamlets sparkling flow,

Melted each icicle from shrub and tree,
Dissolved the snow which crowned the mountain's
brow.

Sweet spring glowed warm, all nature shone forth
fair,
Wood, field, and grove, had put fresh verdure on
Beauty and fragrance mingled far and near,
While rolled the bird-song merrily along.

But cruel death, with dire intent, was nigh,
By prosperous joy obscured as with a veil,
Prepared and watchful as with envious eye,
Waiting his victims sudden to assail.

'Twas midnight—now in slumber's gentle arms
Reposing sweet, man shared the rest of home ;
In visions lovely painted life's dear charms
With fairy tints, and dreamt of bliss to come.

Firm clung the infant to its mother's breast,
And prattled there in innocent delight,
With smiles and songs she soothed it calm to rest,
And kissed it often through the passing night.

The lover, faithful to his chosen fair,
Again his vows had pledged—whispered adieu ;

Returned from lonely walks, by love made dear,
His wonted strength in slumbers to renew.


The man of age, who long had braved life's storm,
Reclines in peace, and thinks of pleasure past ;
Content, unconscious of approaching harm,
And knows not this sad night will be his last.

The man of fortune smiles, as, well content,
He gazes fondly on his ample store ;
Ambitious, plots on, still with proud intent,
And little thinks one night will make him poor.

The cheek of youth glows with health's rosy hue,
His heart beats high with thoughts of future fame ;
To him, life smiles a soul-transporting view,
Alas vain hopes ! death soon dissolved the dream.

Bright shone the moon afar o'er mountain, hill,
The valley lit, the starry heavens beamed gay,
Silence o'er all reigned, save that the murmuring
rill
Danced sparkling, gem-like, rippling on its way.

Scarce had the midnight bell tolled out the hour,
When sudden changed the scene so fair before,
From heights above, hid floods, with awful power,
Like oceans bursting, swept the valley o'er.



Dreadful the sight—no power their course can
stay—

Raging and roaring like the storm-tossed tide,
O'er every obstacle forcing their way,
Death and destruction spreading far and wide.

It seemed as though grim Death had cleft his chain,
And, passing now the limits of his cell,
Attended by his dread companion Pain,
Resolved, malicious, earth's worst woes to swell.

Horrors tremendous ! vain are words to tell,
Groans, shrieks, tears, prayers, yet all of no avail ;
The poor and rich, the old and young as well,
Yea, e'en the very dead they fierce assail.

Washed from their silent graves, again they rise,
As if to wake once more the mourner's tear ;
Adding their terrors to the groans and sighs,
Which, bursting terrible, distract the ear.

Hark ! hark ! that voice—list ! now it dies away,
A mother sinks beneath the labouring wave ;
Her infant too—both are, alas ! Death's prey,
My child ! my child ! she cries, but none can save.

'Tis over now—stilled is the angry wave—
How changed the scene to what it was before !

Many have found a cold and watery grave,
Whose fate so sad dear friends with tears deplore.

The sun once more displays his orient beam,
But what, alas ! doth morning fair reveal ?
Death, ruin, wretchedness, around are seen,
So great the change, 'tis hard to think it real.

Where are the friends that blessed the social board ?
Where 's the dear home—fond scene of past
delight ?
Where is the little all industry stored ?
Sad the reply—they perished that dread night.

Death, thou hast done thy worst—the orphan made !
Robbed of his fondest hope the parent dear ;
Caused widowhood to mourn, and sudden fade
The flower that bloomed the lover's heart to cheer.

Thou hast thy prey, mortality is thine,
This in thy cold embrace we needs must leave ;
But there 's a spark, lit up by life divine,
Ordained to triumph even o'er the grave.

And that has risen to its native sphere,
To reign immortal—there, secure above,
Where pain and tribulation suffered here,
Are well requited by the God of love.

Away, vain doubts ; believe all, all, is right,
Though strange the ways of Providence may seem ;
Be patient, darkness soon will change to light,
And every tongue extol and praise His name.

Be taught by sorrow, learn with other men,
Whose ears have heard this tale of woe and grief,
In life, to follow truth and virtue—then,
Whate'er death's time or form, the soul is safe.

THE SPIRIT'S EXIT;

OR,

VISIONS OF THE FAR-OFF LAND.

My song shall be of one whom care
Had sore oppressed full many a year,
Who, from blithe youth to revered age,
Pursued life's varying pilgrimage ;
Faithful to truth and virtue still,
Howe'er opposed by threatening ill ;
Choosing the right, the wrong eschewing,
His ever constant aim good doing.

Religion, pure, in truth he knew,
And loved it with affection true,
Felt it a dear reality,
Chief thing to know, best thing to be ;
Good men he loved, whate'er their creed,
Deeming them brothers, friends indeed,
By God accepted and approved,
Therefore to be by men beloved ;

The great departed he revered,
And to act like them persevered ;
But Jesus chief was to his mind,
In whom his soul could all things find ;
He was to him the moral sun,
The authority he built upon—
The light of life, a Saviour free,
Witness of immortality ;
Exemplar true, to point the way,
Shepherd that seeks the sheep who stray ;
A Comforter, whose promise sure
Like earth's foundations will endure.
The Lamb once slain but raised above,
Waiting the conquests of His love,
When man, Christ-taught in truth, shall be
One with the Father, e'en as He ;
Which not to be, whom not to follow,
Knowledge is vain—profession hollow.

He loved the Book of books, and there
Found balm's solace in his care,
Experience proved its truths divine,
Age made them more illustrious shine ;
To him it was a heavenly prize,
Joy of his heart, light of his eyes,
A lamp by night, a sun by day,
To guide and cheer him in the way ;
A river, making glad a feast,
Sweeter than honey to his taste ;

A word of power his heart could feel,
A fount of life, a treasure real,
A stream of wisdom flowing free,
The sum of true philosophy ;
Shaming the myths of ancient lore,
Which modern Pagans would restore ;
Displaying beauties rare, to feed
A taste for higher wisdom made ;
Enriching minds with thoughts which glow,
Making men be as well as know ;
A word by fruits its power proving,
The heart to truth, love, goodness moving.

He was a Christian truly, who
Loved God, and sought His will to do,
Believing more in generous deeds
Than outward show, or boastful creeds ;
He loved sound words, but felt that he
Needed as well true charity ;
Must seek the world around to bless,
And help the wretched in distress.
God's Spirit dwelt in him, whose Word
Did a sufficient light afford ;
He was his sun, his rock, his tower,
A present help in sorrow's hour ;
A shepherd gentle, constant friend,
A sovereign mighty to defend ;
A lawgiver, whose precepts true
He learned to know, and loved to do ;

Fountain of good wisdom supplying,
No good thing to the meek denying.

He studied nature—gazed with awe
Upon God's works—His goodness saw ;
No wonder but appeared to bear
Lessons of wisdom to his ear ;
The starry heavens, the verdant field,
His understanding vast revealed ;
The mid-day sun, with loving beam,
Did but his light reflected seem ;
In balmy breeze, that trembled near,
He seemed His whispers soft to hear ;
And hill and dale, fountain and wood,
Were tokens manifest of good ;
The golden harvest, changing year,
His loving providence made clear ;
Each beast and bird, insect and flower,
Were arguments to prove His power ;
Yea, every object nature o'er
Seemed made to woo man to adore ;
The whole appeared a temple raised,
Wherein its Author should be praised ;
Hence, she such glorious truths unfolding,
He loved her—worshipped—God beholding.

He honest worth did high esteem,
And not mere station, wealth, or name ;
Therefore the virtuous poor he strove
To aid, as meriting his love ;

None were so low, when pressed with care,
As not his sympathy to share ;
But more with truth spoke, in words kind,
He sought to elevate mankind ;
Knowing alone its god-like ray
Could chase the ills of life away,
He mourned in soul, oppressed to see
Self reign instead of charity
In state and church, where men fierce fight
More for themselves than for the right ;
To see men pass things greatest by,
And after treacherous shadows fly ;
Live for the day, though made to be
The heirs of immortality ;
Scorning what most should claim man's care,
God's will to do, His image bear ;
In hate reviling one another,
Each man's hand raised against his brother ;
In selfish foresight all outvieing,
Save in the matter grave of dying.

Self-knowledge made him humble, he
Knew well his own infirmity ;
Truth shone forth now so clear and bright,
Ten thousand errors came to light,
O'er which he pondered, wondered sore
He did not see these things before ;
Felt, had he sooner thus believed,
What miseries would have then been saved !

How few deeds acted man should shun,
How few he should act left undone.
But though dark spots would thus arise,
Like sable clouds, to vex his eyes ;
Yet not a sin without a tear,
In sorrow shed, when God was near,
To whom he sad unveiled his mind,
As to a father gentle, kind,
Whose grace a balm did ever prove,
In whispers spoke of pardoning love ;
Which clear he heard, with soul adoring,
His still voice peace and joy restoring.

But years roll on, and joys decay,
The limbs grow weaker, hairs grow gray,
The face is wrinkled o'er with care,
And life 's a burden hard to bear ;
Nature seems changed—so fair before—
That scenes which pleased now please no more ;
All is o'er veiled by misty age ;
Save the soul's dearest heritage,
Truth, love, and righteousness, they still,
With peace, hope, joy, his bosom fill ;
Hence, though the outer man declines,
The spirit, pure, more glorious shines,
Advancing, as the sun's fair ray,
More perfect to the perfect day,
That now so dazzling is the light,
The world seems transformed into night,

And the soul, panting, longs to be
Wafted to immortality ;
There, angels e'en in praise outvieing,
Henceforth secure from sin and sighing.

Hail, 'sweet Religion !—treasure dear—
Whose glories thus so fair appear—
So manifest, so certain—real—
That hope can grasp, and faith can feel ;
Thy hand draws back life's veil, and clear
As day are seen heaven's portals fair ;
Thy voice confirms, as fond we view,
And proves the rapturous vision true.
Thus, dear Reality, thy power
Doth sweeten e'en death's bitter hour ;
Its chilly river, deep and drear,
Transforms to waters flowing clear,
Which, like a mirror polished bright,
Reflect heaven's beams of life and light ;
That souls who timorous were before,
Now pass their way rejoicing o'er.
Best gift to man, how sad to be,
Bowed down with age, uncheered by thee ;
No joy without, no peace within,
But racked and torn by torturing sin ;
No hope to cheer the vale of gloom,
Or light the pathway to the tomb ;
The friends help not, which weep beside,
Riches all fail stern death to bribe ;

Worldly accomplishments prove vain,
Fashion but adding force to pain ;
Luxuriant fruits, and fragrant flowers,
Extended lands and fairy bowers,
Great reputation, glory, fame,
Menial attendants, kingly name,
Are vain, all vain, true peace to bring,
Or take away death's rankling sting.
Good in their place, they serve us here,
But in death's sorrows disappear.
Children and wife may weep, sad, o'er
The loved one, till life is no more ;
The dust may follow to its rest—
The grave oft visit—weep distressed ;
They can no more, but thou, best friend,
Wilt cheer and bless and still attend ;
Support in death, his power defying,
And guide the soul to joys ne'er dying.

So felt the pilgrim—death to him
Would but a nobler life begin ;
God was his father, he a child,
His heir adopted, reconciled ;
The promise shone as title clear,
The spirit too did witness bear.
Where proofs so plain combined to prove,
How could he doubt eternal love ?
He could not ; faith chased doubt away,
And hope rejoiced him day by day ;

Hence, well prepared, and heaven desiring,
He vented thus his thoughts aspiring :

Eternal Father, God of love,
To me Thy grace and goodness prove ;
To me, so frail, who yet doth dare,
As child of Thine, beseech Thy care.

I would not thus—so great art Thou—

But I Thy loving mercy know ;
And therefore come, e'en as before,
In Thee confiding more and more.

Thy favour has enriched me so,
No other love beside I know ;
Life of all life Thou art become,
Of joys, friends, treasures, chiefest one.

Spring of all good, fountain of light,
Thy beams half dim my earthly sight,
That all seems dark and drear to me,
Where'er I turn, whate'er I see.

The scenes which charmed me so before,
Attract my soaring soul no more.

Hence, as I, weak and trembling, roam,
I hunger for heaven's perfect home ;

Oh, the dear thought to safe abide

At Thy right hand—be satisfied ;

To bear Thy likeness, see Thy face,

Be perfect made, one of that race

Which in Thy presence glad adore,

Where pleasures flow for ever more !

In that dear land, hope's eye can see,
Where love blooms in maturity ;
Where living streams the thirst assuage,
And cheerful youth succeeds old age ;
The home which glads my nightly dream,
When there, with seraph bands, I seem ;
The pilgrim's rest of rests most dear,
Because Thou, Father, reignest there.
Whisper—I know Thy voice—to me
'Tis rich as sweetest melody ;
Whisper a word—my soul can hear
The softest sounds when Thou art near ;
Call me Thy child—come nearer still—
Light of all lights, my bosom fill ;
Seraphic vision, bid me rise
To share Thy glory in the skies ;
Where glad my soul, Thy love possessing,
Shall share, henceforth, Thy smile and blessing.
Heaven heard the breathings of His child,
In sweet reply, approving, smiled ;
Commanded a seraphic band
To guide his soul to heaven's fairy land ;
Who, thus commissioned, gladsome flew,
Well pleased, His sovereign will to do—
Upraise another of our race,
To share His glory, see His face.
Swift as the sunbeams fleet they glide,
Till now the pilgrim's couch beside,

Where, soft, unseen, they watched decay
The mortal tenement of clay ;
The soul secure from harm defending,
And nature in her woes befriending.

Death saw his hour, with fierce pain flew
His desolating work to do ;
The hoary pilgrim, bowed with age,
Assailed with all his envious rage.
'Tis over now—life's chord gives way,
The tottering body turns to clay ;
Not so the soul ; that, bold, defies
Their force combined, and gladsome flies
Beyond death's chilly precincts drear,
To find above its native sphere ;
Heaven was its origin, and there
It seeks congenial joys to share ;
Now singing, glad, from bondage free,
Upsoaring, this soliloquy :

Doth fancy, treacherous, reason steal,
And pleasures please which are not real ?
Is this a vision, fleet and vain,
Of new life chasing age and pain ?
Do troubles vanish in the night,
But to return with morning light ?
Is this a dream of freedom gained,
Of pleasures felt, of good obtained,
Of foes subdued, of favours given,
Of earth itself exchanged for heaven ?

Mysterious feelings—how divine !
What raptures thrill ! what visions shine !
I feel no bondage now to bind,
No sin to vex the tempted mind,
No earthly wants to gender care,
No threatening foes to cause me fear ;
I mount unburdened to the skies,
Whose distant glories glad mine eyes ;
I feel an ecstasy of love,
And long my gratitude to prove ;
Angel forms attend me round,
Where'er I turn is holy ground :
Oh ! are ye real, or only seeming,
Say, flaming seraphs, is this dreaming ?
Now sounds like melting music clear
Fed, with seraphic joy, the ear,
Reverberating through the sky,
As sing the angels in reply :
Hail, gentle spirit, fair and bright !
Changed into day is former night,
The sorrows, which sore vexed thee, fled,
E'en as thy mortal body, dead ;
Now shall thy noblest hopes be crowned,
Yea, faithful every promise found ;
The good of goods to thee most dear,
Thou shalt in sweet perfection share.
By Heaven's command we now are come
To guide thee to thy future home—

To chase away each lingering fear,
With songs of heaven and smiles to cheer ;
We stood around thy dying bed,
We heard thy sorrows, bore thy head,
Whispered, in soft tones, in thine ear,
To calm, with gentle words, thy care ;
Watched while thy sinking form gave way,
Then caught thy happy soul away.
Come, then, and with us glad some rise
To mansions glorious in the skies,
Where Jesus dwells, and myriads more ;
Some loved ones, not long gone before,
Thou shalt behold them there, and be
One with them through eternity !
There, in the distance, see it beaming,
Soar, spirit, soar—it is not dreaming.

They sung—and rose—each spirit bright
Seeming as stars which glad the night,
On—on, pursuing still their way
To regions of immortal day ;
Making the sky with gladness ring,
As in sweet concert thus they sing :

Ocean of being, boundless who
Dost all things know, canst all things do,
Who hast been, art, and still shall be,
As from so to eternity !
Present in all the mighty whole,
As of all things the spring and soul.

To know Thee, love Thee, live and rise,
Feeding on heaven's high mysteries ;
Conscious of being—still to be
An emanation bright of Thee,
Made to enjoy, as to adore,
And the more knowing, love the more ;
Made Thy bright image to express,
In truth, and love, and righteousness ;
Social made of many a one,
Each of Thee, Parent great, a son.
Such to enjoy, to know, to be,
Is heaven's supreme felicity.
Such glory, henceforth, shall be thine
In heaven, whose portals distant shine ;
Yonder behold them, beaming bright,
Like sunbeams gladsome chasing night.
They smiled, the new-born soul looked high,
Where visions bright burst on the eye,
In glory dazzling so, their light
Dimmed, for a while, his ravished sight ;
The walls and turrets, fair to see,
Stretched out to vast immensity ;
The gates, as huge gems polished seemed,
While o'er all joy and gladness beamed ;
Seraphic legions, hovering high,
'Midst rays of glory seemed to fly ;
Each clothed with light, whose silvery beam
Shed lustre radiant o'er the scene ;

Even their songs, melodious, clear,
Already burst upon the ear.
He listened, till at last, the land
Approached, before the gate they stand.

Sweet was the journey—sweet to know
The journey is completed now,
To see heaven's light delightful beam,
To prove hope's vision's not a dream ;
But oh ! to pass those gates, to see
The scenes beyond, what ecstasy !
Pensive he stood—a mystic thrill
Did, trembling, sweet his spirit fill ;
The sorrows past flash to his view,
In contrast strange with these joys new ;
How happy now—how good—how right
Each providence appeared in sight !
Wisdom and goodness shone in view,
And all love seemed as well as true.

The angel guides now gentle sing
This sweet request to those within :

Ye guardian seraphs, bright and fair,
Unfold heaven's gate with angel care ;
From yonder world of toil we come,
A spirit guiding to his home ;
He bears distinct the sacred seal,
His virtues shew his title real ;
Pure charity within doth shine,
And all his raiment is divine ;

With silver light his glad eyes beam,
His very breath's devotion's flame ;
Prudence upon his forehead's writ,
And on his tongue pure truth doth sit ;
His ardent bosom glows with love,
And what he seeks are things above ;
Humility, fair guest, he owns,
And on ambition's vain show frowns ;
He longs to see his Father's face,
And join our bright angelic race.
Ye gentle guards, who keep the way,
Welcome him to immortal day !

They sang—the seraph band replied,
Thus singing glad as open wide,
With silver arms, the gates they threw,
That heaven's full glory shone in view :

All hail, sweet spirit ! welcome here,
Eternal life and light to share ;
Your angel form we glad behold,
And heaven's fair portals wide unfold.
Come thou, beloved one, rest above,
Mingle with us and share our love ;
Lend thou thy voice for evermore,
One God to magnify, adore.
Secure from sin, from sorrow free,
How sweet to spend eternity ;
To feast on angels' living food,
And dwell where cares no more obtrude ;

To see your Father, of friends best,
And, in His presence, peaceful rest ;
Where ignorance and sin no more
Shall the soul's prospects fair obscure ;
But truth and love, with light divine,
Within, around, on all shall shine.
Hail ! spirit, hail ! Heaven smiles, befriending,
Welcome—welcome—to bliss ne'er ending !

They entered glad, now closed the door.
My wondering Muse could see no more ;
Still sounds she heard of music rare,
Break rapturous on the trembling air ;
She listened, lingering to the sound,
Fixed by mute wonder to the ground ;
But all she could was learn this strain—
Who lives for God, with God shall reign !

FRANK THE FOUNDLING;

OR,

THE STORY OF A STORM.

NOT far from where a river joins the sea,
Mouldering in silence near its tide-washed shore,
On rocks o'erhanging, frown fearful to see,
The ruins of a castle, ivy'd o'er,
Whose massive walls and towers extending far,
Cast, 'midst the sunlit scene, a dreary shade ;
Symbol of days which now departed are,
When once, from out its gates, proud lords did lead
Their servile hosts, inspired with love of war,
To scatter death and desolation far.
Within those ruins, near the castle gate,
Some years ago, a habitation stood,
Of modern form, where found a sweet retreat
From earth's turmoils, a man not great but good,
Who happy felt, yea, happy even more
Than those who proudly paced that spot before,
As he around him gazed on fallen greatness,
Feeling, to life, virtue gives zest and sweetness,

And that the bliss of goodness still shall last
When proud ambition's sumptuous joys are past.

In years gone by, with warlike ardour nerved,
In many a war he had his country served,
And on his worthy breast did proudly bear
Medals distinctive of his valour rare.
'Twas his delight to speak of peril's dread,
And tell how English sailors fought and bled ;
How British valour could the Frenchman quell,
And humble Spanish haughtiness as well ;
Yea, all foes else, with might resistless, crush
As playful children bend the obsequious rush ;
While spellbound listeners upwards turned their eyes,
Struck with amaze at his dread histories ;
Some glowing warlike, some thanking their stars
They were not now thus doomed to follow Mars.

The ship he served in was the Eagle named,
Of which he boatswain was—a ship far-famed—
Having, with finchless zeal, the foe withstood,
And foremost ever in the battle stood ;
The first in proud assault, the last to fly,
Her motto brave—"To conquer or to die."

But thundering broadsides now had ceased to pour
Their crushing ruin, with soul-rending roar.
'Twas his in peaceful plenitude to rest,
With robust health, and moderate fortune blest ;
The dearest sweeteners of his closing life,
An only daughter and a loving wife ;

His chief employ to watch the ruins round,
And cultivate, in peace, the neighbouring ground,
Or else to visitors, with earnest care,
To point out incidents of wonder rare
Associated with the varied scene,
Which he had sought from every source to glean.
Down into cells, with torch in hand, he'd lead
The curious-minded, till the light would fade,
To horrid dimness choked by clammy air ;
Now on, through pathways subterraneous, drear,
To chambers secret, slow he'd trace his way,
And here and there, with lingering interest, stay ;
Tell tales of murders, ghosts, and visions strange,
Making the ruby cheek to whiteness change—
Of all who heard their very hearts to quake,
Their lips to quiver, and their limbs to shake,
Till the more timorous would with terror say,
“ Oh, lead us from such fearful scenes away ! ”
Through groves and gardens now he'd lead them forth,
And, in meet change, tell stories full of mirth ;
Point out where lovers found a fond retreat
To pour their thoughts of love in accents sweet.
Next to the chapel ancient, where were shewn
Relics of saints and angels overthrown,
Which mouldering ruins now, crushing, o'erlay,
Sad monuments of glory passed away !
Next to the tower's summit he would wind
Up time-worn stairs, his way tedious to find,

And from the ruined turret's awful height
Point out the scenes of battle fierce and dread,
Where, in past ages, struggled might with might,
And where the high and low commingled bled.
One other object claimed the good man's care—
A tiny craft he kept, the Eagle named,
In form constructed, as in name, to bear
Some slight resemblance to the ship, far-famed,
In which he served ; and often 'twas his pride,
When storms most threatened, then to brave the tide ;
Yea, when less valiant hearts would quail with fear,
With resolution, which nought could prevent,
He'd board his craft, and with a hearty cheer,
Triumphant, seek the hoary element.
As small his ship, so also was his crew :
Mate Hardy one, brave-hearted, honest, true,
His only fault—may none have more to fear !—
He loved a joke, a pipe, a horn of beer ;
The second, Sambo, one of Afric's race,
Whose terrors oft were gloomy as his face ;
The last, young Willie, a poor orphan lad,
Which the good boatswain undertook to rear,
Commiserating much his lot so sad,
Thus lowly left alone to brave earth's care.
These, with the master, made four hands in all,
Equal, indeed, to man a craft so small.
One night, a day of venturous cruising passed,
While safely anchored near a distant town,

The sky was suddenly with clouds o'ercast,
And thunders roared, and hail and rain poured down,
Which ceased, only with power and rage renewed,
To sudden burst with double force again ;
Till now tremendous beat the tempest rude,
Enough to fright e'en the most brave of men.
His terrors Sambo by his looks betrayed,
Willie, below, with tears fast flowing, prayed
That Heaven, in danger, would his life defend,
And prove now as before the orphan's friend ;
Or if, as seemed, the end of time was near,
Some angel send, his spirit safe to bear
To realms of love, with those endeared to dwell,
Where stormy billows no more raging swell.
The boatswain smiled, as rolled the thunders more,
Or broke the rude waves dashing on the shore,
Or swept the revelling winds, with hollow sound,
Mingled with lightnings, o'er the trembling ground,
Whistled a tune, or hummed a naval song,
As to and fro he paced the deck along,
Awaiting Hardy, who had gone ashore
To fetch goods needed from a neighbouring store,
Whom, now returned, the captain quick espied
Standing half staggering on the river side.
"Ho! hoi!" roared Hardy, "throw a line's end
here."
"Now Sambo," cried the boatswain, "don't pipe there,
But help the mate aboard, and we'll start now,
And reach the channel in a giff, I vow ;

Eagle-like our little craft shall fly,
And the wild billows' hoary wrath defy."
Sambo fell on his knees, and thus his care
Spoke, sad, trembling from top to toe with fear :
"You no go, massa ; massa, you no go ;
It is so rough, massa, the wind blow so ;
Oh dreadful night, massa, dreadful night ;
Clouds bery black has put out all de light ;
You no see way, massa, it be so dark,
And der it thunders so, hark ! massa, hark !"
"Get up," the boatswain roared, "thou piping knave,
Or this rope's end shall teach thee to be brave.
Don't, lubber-like, roll there thy coward eyes,
For go I shall in spite of all thy cries ;
If every timber in our craft did shake,
And totter, trembling, e'en as thou dost now,
And every spar and sail to shivers break
Like thy weak confidence, I'd go I vow.
There is thy answer, help the mate, I say,
And then we'll lift the anchor and away."
Sambo obeyed, with looks which shewed despair,
And words of mingled wonderment and fear,
Moaning these words out, "Oh, dread Englishman,
He no fear neither angel, debil, man,
Tempest, nor nothing else. Ah, woe ! me woe !
Would I could to the old plantation go !
Oh ! if me had wings, then me would fly there,
And have good rice, and only whip to fear ;

Me like it better—rather whipped than be
Drowned like de poor, poor fishes in de sea.”

The mate on board, the anchor now they weigh,
And to the open sea direct their way ;
Which, gliding swiftly onward, soon they find,
And wider spread their sails to catch the wind,
Till forward flies the craft, like eagle brave,
Fleet and unvarying o’er the varying wave.
While sailing thus, as ceased the thunder’s roar,
A signal gun was heard its sound to pour,
Rolling and roaring dismal, wave o’er wave,
Mingled with shrieks, and cries of, “Save, oh save !”
But now so dark, so thick the mists around,
Nought could be seen—they heard alone the sound.
Now roll the thunders, now a rocket gleams,
Again the gun roars, mingled with horrid screams ;
The vivid lightnings flash through heaven afar,
And all the elements contend in war.
“Tack to the larboard,” loud the boatswain cried,
“When help is sought it shall not be denied ;
We’ll lie in here awhile, perchance to see
If we in terror can a helper be.”
Again the thunder roars, the lightning gleams,
The gun rolls dismal, and the rocket flames,
Commingling all with screams of wild despair,
Perplexing with their sound the tortured ear ;
As if e’en with the roaring waves they strove
Which should in power of utterance strongest prove.

Nearer and nearer drew these voices wild,
Till one was heard scream out, "My child! my child!"
When sudden flashed the lightning, by whose gleam
A ship dismasted, struggling sore, was seen
Rolling disabled, which no hand could guide,
Tossed, like a plaything light, from side to side.
The Eagle skips her way over each wave,
And sails, well guided, round, intent to save;
But none can help—again cries of despair,
Again the flaming rocket cleaves the air,
Again the gun pours forth its dismal roar,
Again they cry—but now their cry is o'er;
The storm-tossed wreck, in lawless fury thrown,
Beneath the waters wild at last sinks down;
And the rude billows, cruel foaming, rave
As if triumphant, revelling o'er its grave.

The boatswain saw—a tear rolled down his face;
Hardy wept too, while Willie prayed for grace,
Remembering then his mother's pious care,
His soul for death so sudden to prepare;
Sambo too frightened was to shed a tear,
But rolled his wild eyes round, quaking with fear;
All felt as horror-struck, so dread the sight
Their eyes thus witnessed that tremendous night.

The boatswain, mourning sad, cried, "Let us search
round
And see if aught of life can yet be found."
"That's right," said Hardy. "See!" shouted Willie, "see!
There, passing by, it seems alive to be."

"Yonder 'tis massa, yonder," Sambo screamed.
"It is," cried Hardy, as the lightning gleamed,
"A human form." Anon a cry was heard,
A feeble cry—and not far off appeared
What seemed a child, lashed to a raft, which bore
The tiny burthen the wild billows o'er.
"A line's end, Sambo," Hardy shouting cried,
Which quick as thought around his waist he tied ;
"Pay out, pay out," he roared, and with a leap,
Dashed bold and venturous into the wild deep ;
"Pay out more line," he cried, and struggling hard,
Lit by the lightning, swiftly swam toward
The wave-tossed form, which to himself he lashed,
Shouting, "Haul in," and backwards boldly dashed,
Till safe on board, he shipped, amidst a cheer,
His dripping load, a chubby infant dear.
Each kissed the weeping babe, despite the storm,
Which Hardy bore below, secure from harm ;
And now they leeward turned their tiny ship,
Which, fairy-like, safe o'er the waves did skip
So light, so swift ; at last they land descry,
And soon safe sheltered in the river lie ;
Where, anchored now, with joy they leap ashore,
Proud of their prize, which Hardy, laughing, bore
A present to the boatswain's wife, whose cares
Soon changed to crowing smiles its former tears.
They told her all ; she, with a fond embrace,
Clasped the dear infant, kissed its lovely face,

And on its neck, with searching eye, descried
A chain of gold, and miniature beside—
A female head, of form and beauty rare,
With eyes sky-like, and full rich auburn hair.
But more, as she the urchin now undressed,
Behold a mark glowed full upon his breast ;
Curious it was, as bunch of cherries red,
Seeming like blood. She started pale with dread,
Deeming him wounded, but no wound was there,
As Hardy's voice stentorian soon made clear ;
For loudly shouted he, with jokish bawl,
" His mother longed for cherries, that is all."
Deaf though she was, she heard and smiled assent,
And with a hearty cheer the chamber rent ;
Exclaiming, as her eyes with fondness gleamed,
" He little Robin Red-breast shall be named."
All kissed him round and round ere they retired,
While the kind boatswain, generously inspired,
Declared he'd be his father, call him son,
Until he could find out a better one ;
He said, moreover, " He my name shall bear,
We'll call him Frank." All gave a hearty cheer,
Applauding loud the boatswain's kind intent.
At last brave Hardy to thought thus gave vent :
" Good night, captain, pleasant dreams to you
After the storm, a jolly one 'twas too ;
No lubber's voyage, but we've the tempest braved,
And from a briny grave this stripling saved ;

May this tooth never press a quid once more
If e'er I saw a prettier chick before ;
A rosy chub, humanity in blade,
May't bud and flower like plants do of good seed !
And may this night—a soaker 'twas I vow—
When thought of, make emotions generous glow ;
And good resolves never to be afraid,
Though tempest rage, to give our fellows aid.”
The smiling infant prattled out “ Aye, aye ;”
The boatswain's daughter tapped its cheek in play,
Sanbo grinned merry, Willie fondly smiled,
Yea, all stood lingering, wondering o'er the child,
Nor sought in slumber sweet to close their eyes,
Till now day's first beams o'er the mountains rise,
When each the other's hand grasped with delight,
And what the hour forgetting, said, Good night.

Now years revolving rolled their course along,
And feeble infancy with years grew strong ;
What Hardy called humanity in blade,
By Time's strange wand a rosy bud was made ;
Whose comely form, basking in vernal light,
Made him beloved, to all a pleasant sight ;
That few there were who saw and did not say
He'd prove a glorious flower some future day.
The human plant, to make it flourish well,
Needs careful culture, soil that doth excel,
Congenial showers to bless its craving need,
And light and heat, or otherwise 'twill fade,

And prove a shrivelled, useless plant at best,
Of beauty void, with fragrant fruits unblest.
Thus favoured, Frank the foundling prospering grew,
Till boyhood now beamed forth with promise true ;
Repaying well his foster parent's care,
Who strove in him a worthy man to rear.
His father was not what the world calls wise,
Yet he possessed what only fools despise—
Sound common sense, a generous nature too,
Industrious habits, and a conscience true ;
Others there were, in all the neighbourhood round,
In whom the orphan boy friends faithful found ;
Chiefest, the rector of the parish near,
Who him instructed well with generous care.

Frank, trained 'midst Nature's wilds, esteemed
them dear—

The winding river, the high soaring hill,
The sea, which, sunlit, shone like crystal clear,
The variegated vale and silvery rill ;
He loved to hear as well the bleating flock,
The treble echo at the castle rock ;
The rippling waters on the pebbled shore,
The blithe winds as they swept the wild scene o'er ;
The lark's song, ushering in the new-born day,
Or Philomel's soft soothing it away.
Yea, 'midst such scenes he loved to wander free,
Climbing the rocks, or seeking now the sea,

Where he would often wait till eventide,
In pensive mood, the briny flood beside;
Take from his bosom fond the portrait dear,
Kiss it, and o'er it shed full many a tear,
Think of his history past, and pray and weep,
Oft moaning out in sadness, "Cruel, deep."

While watching thus one day the sea beside,
Along the highway by a carriage drove,
Those whom it bore scanning both far and wide
The beauties round, which each for mastery strove ;
At last it rested—beautiful to see
The snorting steeds watching the billows heave ;
Starting anon, as rolled successively,
Breaking, with hollow sound, wave over wave.
Some now alighting paced slow the beach near ;
The chief, a noble man of bearing rare,
With him a lady gentle, whose sweet face
The refuge seemed of every sacred grace ;
So beauteous formed, intelligent and meek,
Though nothing saying, still she seemed to speak.
On the rock seated now the boy they see,
Approach him near—he starts up suddenly
As he beholds them—gazes chief on her
Who doth an angel sent by Heaven appear,
And lingering silent feeds his eyes; till now,
Herself, soul-moved, she gently seeks to know
Whose is that mansion on the valley side ?
Whose meadows those and woodlands spreading wide ?

What that river's name flowing hard by ?
How called those mountains, soaring to the sky ?
If the rude cliffs round had not too a name,
And why himself did as one sorrowing seem ?
Asked if he ever ventured out to sea ;
If so, with whom ? what too his age might be ?
If still his mother lived, and also where
His father dwelt, and what his family were ?
She sighed, while speaking ; but, in accents kind,
Her lord, with sweet words, sought to soothe her mind.
Frank gently answered, till tears filled his eyes,
His utterance choked, that now he vainly tries,
Casts a forlorn look o'er the briny deep,
And sobs aloud, and hides his face to weep.
They speechless gaze ; it doth a mystery seem,
The phantom reverie of a treacherous dream.
Again they ask ; but tears his tongue defy,
And all he can is answer with a sigh.
The scene so strange the lady's bosom tears,
And she weeps too, in sympathy, sad tears ;
E'en o'er her lord doth hidden sorrow prove
A power resistless, generous souls to move,
That down his face as well tears find a way,
From vaster springs, hence harder far to stay :
He sees so much, he's curious more to know,
And mingles questions with the tears which flow.
" Tell me, my boy, what sorrows vex your mind ;
For I am rich and great, and soon will find

A remedy, whatever might oppress,
And transform sorrow into happiness.
I have a castle, mansions too as well,
A ducal name, riches too great to tell,
Parks, woods, and bowers, extending far and wide,
So tell me all, nothing shall be denied.
Have you no welcome home? no friends who care
For your best interests? Wherefore thus weep here
In solitude, where boyhood blithe should be,
'Midst Nature's wilds, all life, activity?
Those looks so sad fit not thy boyish face,
Where rosebud cheerfulness should have a place,
Glad laughter revel, wild hilarity,
Not tears thus steal, dimming with grief thine eye.
Tell me your story, whence these griefs which move,
And I to thee a father kind will prove,"
He said. Just then the rector came in view,
As was his wont to ramble oft that way;
A reverend man, to God and virtue true,
Who did himself practise as well as say,
Who, seeing there his pupil Frank, approached,
And tapping fond his head, in love reproached
His boyish tears—told him to patient prove;
That though he'd lost much, he'd still much to love.
Those near he recognised, who craved to be
Informed more fully of this mystery.
Wherefore they knew not, yet 'twas even so,
Tears would, in spite of all their efforts, flow.

The pastor heard, and sympathetic sighed,
Then thus, in words fit spoke, freely replied :
“ This is the boatswain’s son, whose dwelling’s near,
A generous man, that feels another’s care.
He is my pupil too, and doth so well
Improve his mind, no other can excel.
It is decided, when prepared, that he
Should study at the university.
But what is more, at church he’s always found,
And for good conduct loved by all around.
Only, withal, he seems oppressed to be,
Oft weeping sore and sad, as now you see ;
Even at church sometimes sad tears appear,
As he beholds a monument that’s there.
He says it is because it doth so seem
Like his lost mother, when one night she came,
In vision sweet, and fondly on him smiled,
And soft caressing, whispered out, ‘ My child ! ’
No wonder thus he feels ; who would not weep
That lost a mother in the briny deep ? ”
“ Ah ! ” screamed the lady sudden, “ what ! O say ! ”
And clinging to her husband, swooned away.
The Duke her maidens called, whose gentle care
Made the life, seeming fled, once more appear.
While sobbed the boy, the pastor pensive gazed,
When thus the husband spoke, “ Be not amazed ;
Though strange it seem, your words her heart did tear.
No wonder either, she, alas ! lost there,

More than e'en Ophir's wealth could e'er restore,
Our only son, whom we shall ne'er see more.
Yea, in a storm wrecked, she her child beside,
Lashed to a raft, was cast upon the tide.
The first wild wave her infant bore away,
Parting the fragile beams that were their stay ;
She saw it buried o'er, and screamed, but now
Her voice, too feeble, failed, and to and fro
Tossed by the waves insensible she lay,
Till now night's sable mists were chased by day,
When a ship passing, saw, and stopped to save ;
Thus narrow she escaped a watery grave.
I watched them launched into the briny tide,
And myself hopeless did my fate abide,
Waiting, till now the ship with waves o'erthrown,
'Midst gurgling sounds and hissing spray went
down ;
I sank beneath as well, but rose at last,
With the waves baffled, clutched a floating mast,
Eager for life, and on it clinging lay,
Lingering and praying for returning day,
Which when it came, a pilot cruising near,
In my worst need did my best friend appear."
The pastor heard, himself let fall a tear,
For who unmoved such dangers dread could hear ?
Her ladyship restored drew near the boy,
And spoke thus fond, " Have you no mother dear ?

Come, I will be one to you, give you joy,
And when you weep I'll dry away the tear.
You have a mother lost, and I a child,
O'er whose graves revel now the billows wild."
She to the boy clung, and the boy to her,
As though one blood, each to the other dear.
Just then the boatswain came himself in view,
And jolly, blithe, and laughing, Hardy too,
Who sudden seeing now a company,
They made that way, curious to hear and see.
"Here is his father," cried the pastor kind.
The boatswain bowed, half puzzled now to find
What it all meant—such serious looks, such tears ;
The pastor gave soon all the mystery clears.
The boatswain listens—Hardy listens too—
They stare amazed, so strange the scene to view. .
"Good sir," the lady said, "let us employ
Our means to help the fortune of your boy."
"You shall, and please your ladyship," he said,
"You are so like his mother, who is dead,
I wonder not poor Frank should vent a tear,
The marble image turned to life seems here ;
'Tis hard, however, loved ones to resign ;
But this I know, he'll think of me and mine,
As I shall, sailing o'er his mother's grave,
Think of that night we did her infant save."
"Her infant save !" the lady starting cried,
"What ? not your son ! speak, make me satisfied."

"No, not my son," he answered ; "but I'll still
A father's duties willingly fulfil."
"Bravo !" said Hardy ; "boatswain, that's as clear
As doth Frank's breast a bunch of cherries bear."
"Cherries !" exclaimed the lady. "Yes, they're there,"
Hardy replied, "as I can soon make clear ;
I've seen them plain as strawberries on a nose,
And you can too—just move aside his clothes."
This Hardy did, the lady saw—descried
The chain and portrait too—"O heavens !" cried.
Strange was the sight—she started as one mad,
Caught up the boy, clasped him with ardour glad ;
"My child !" she cried, and pressed him to her breast,
"My child saved ! saved !"—and Heaven with
rapture blest.
The father fond enfolded both around,
And cried, "Thank God, thank God, the lost is
found !"



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